

LINDBERGH SOUVENIR NUMBER

# Mid-Week Pictorial

"NEWS OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES"

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1927

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TEN  
CENTS

CANADA  
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*The "We" Who Made the Matchless Flight: America's Idol,  
Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Following a Swift Night Trip From New York to Washington and  
Back, Standing in Flying Togs at Mitchel Field Beside His Beloved Plane That Carried Him Over  
the Seas Into Paris and the Hearts of the World.*

(Times Wide World Photos.)



SHAKING HANDS WITH OTHER HEROES: LINDBERGH AT THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL  
in Washington Was Much Moved as He Passed From One Disabled Soldier to Another, With a Handclasp and a Word of Well-Wishing for Each. At the Left Is General J. M. Kennedy, Commandant of the Hospital.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

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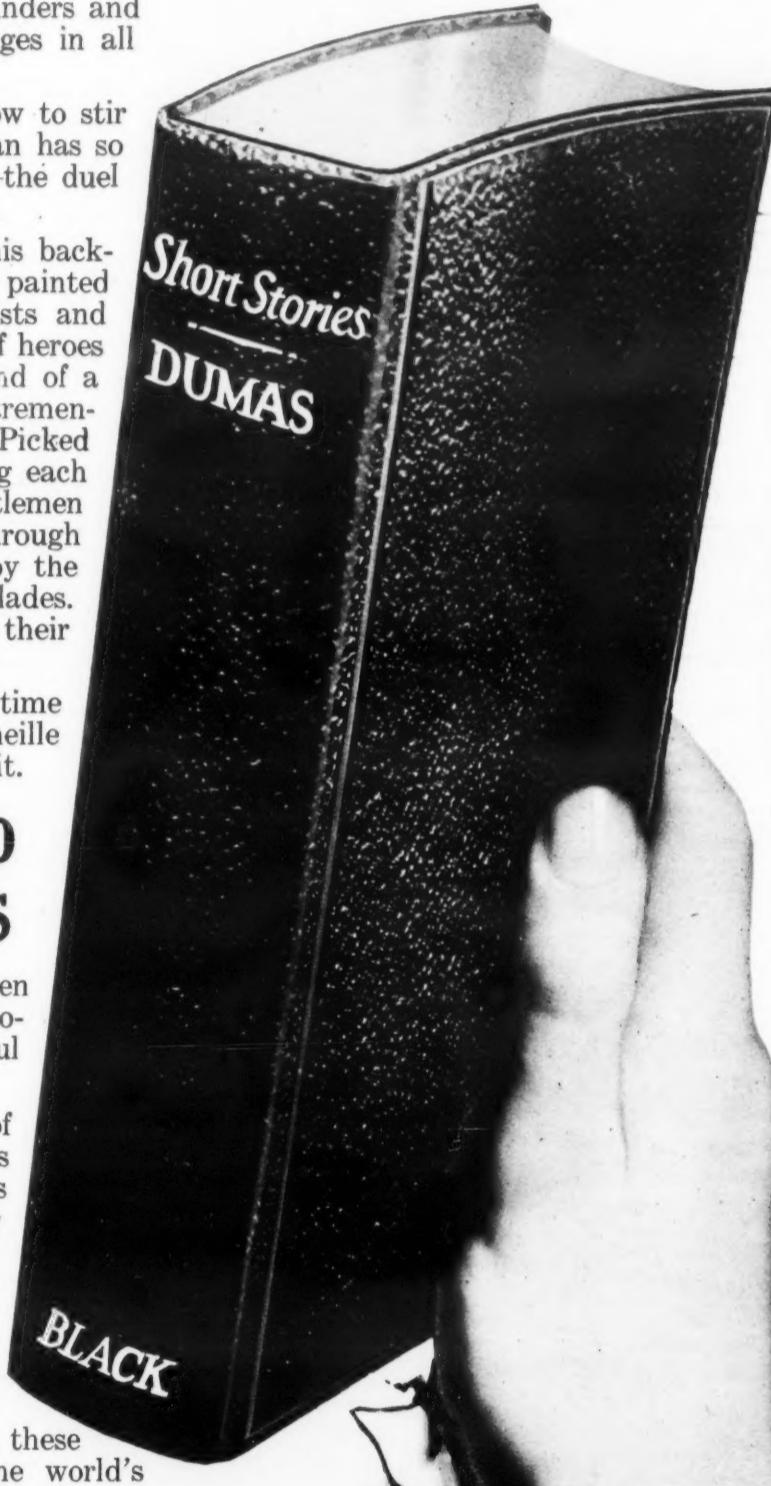
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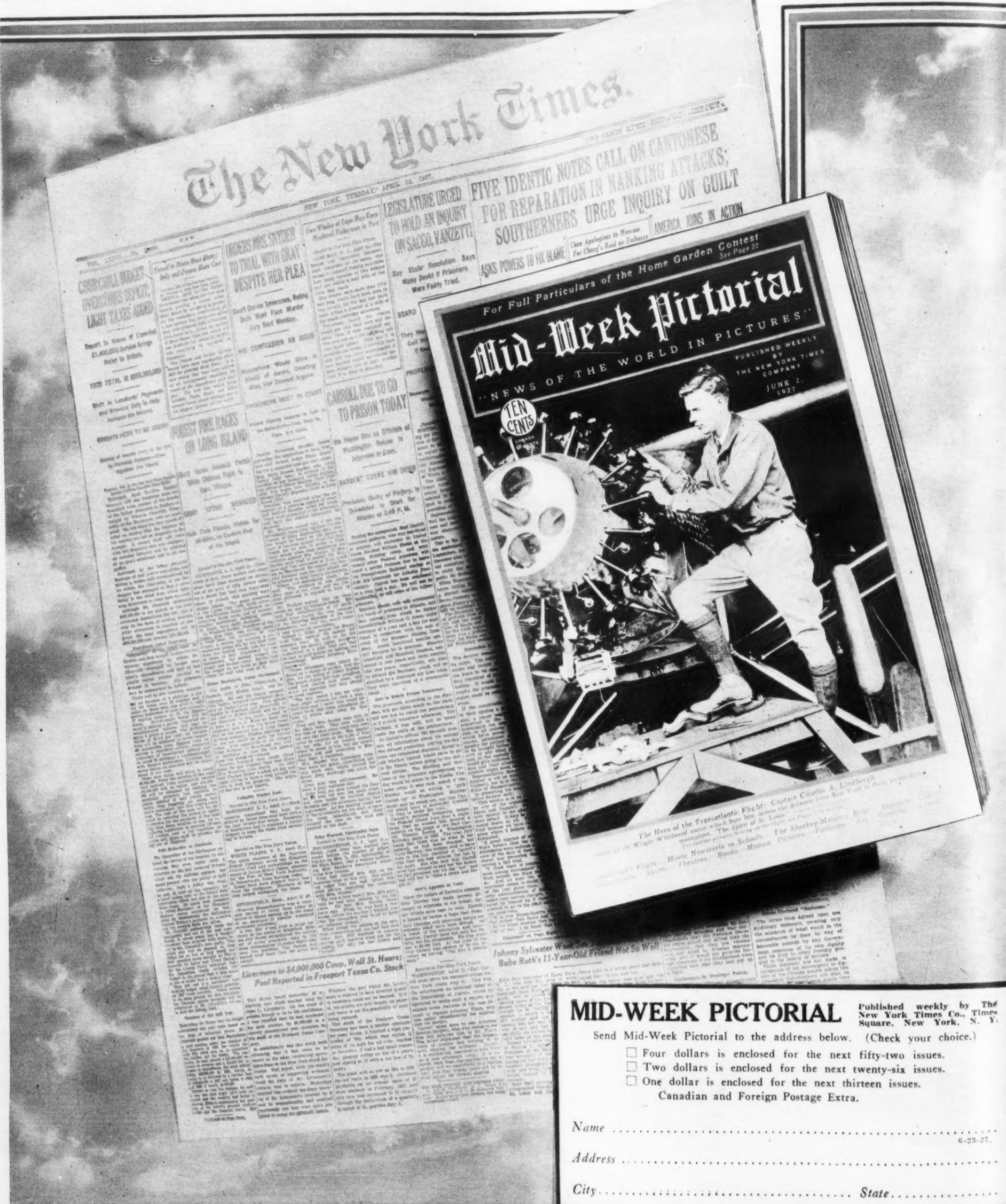
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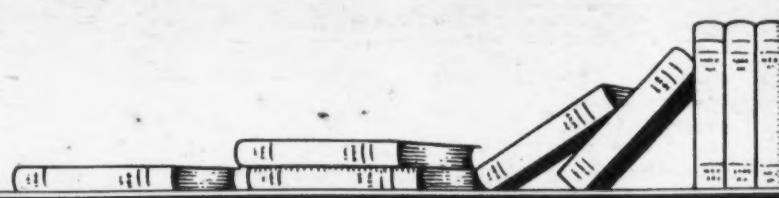
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## THE BEGINNINGS OF LINDBERGH'S METEORIC CAREER



CAPTAIN  
LINDBERGH  
AND HIS MOTHER,

Mrs. Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh, Who Visited Him at Roosevelt Field a Few Days Before His Departure Over the Ocean, Then Went Home to Detroit in Quietness and Confidence.

(Times Wide World Photos.)

MRS. LINDBERGH  
HONORED IN  
DETROIT: THE  
FLIER'S MOTHER,  
Mrs. Evangeline  
Lodge Lindbergh,  
Was Feted by the  
Delegates to the  
Foreign Trade Con-  
vention at the  
Detroit City Hall.  
Just Behind Her, to  
the Right, Is Her  
Brother, Acting  
Mayor John Lodge.  
(Times Wide World  
Photos.)



WHEN HE  
STUDIED THE  
ART OF WHICH  
HE IS NOW A  
MASTER:  
CHARLES  
LINDBERGH  
as a Cadet in the  
Advanced United  
States Army Fly-  
ing School at Kelly  
Field, Texas.  
(Times Wide World  
Photos.)

WHEN THE  
PARIS FLIGHT  
LAY FAR  
AHEAD:  
CHARLES A.  
LINDBERGH AT  
THE AGE OF 8,  
With His Father,  
the Late Congress-  
man Lindbergh of  
Minnesota. This  
Photograph Was  
Made in Wash-  
ington in 1909.  
(© Edmonston  
Studio.)



MRS. EVANGELINE LINDBERGH'S HOME IN  
DETROIT.  
(P. & A.)

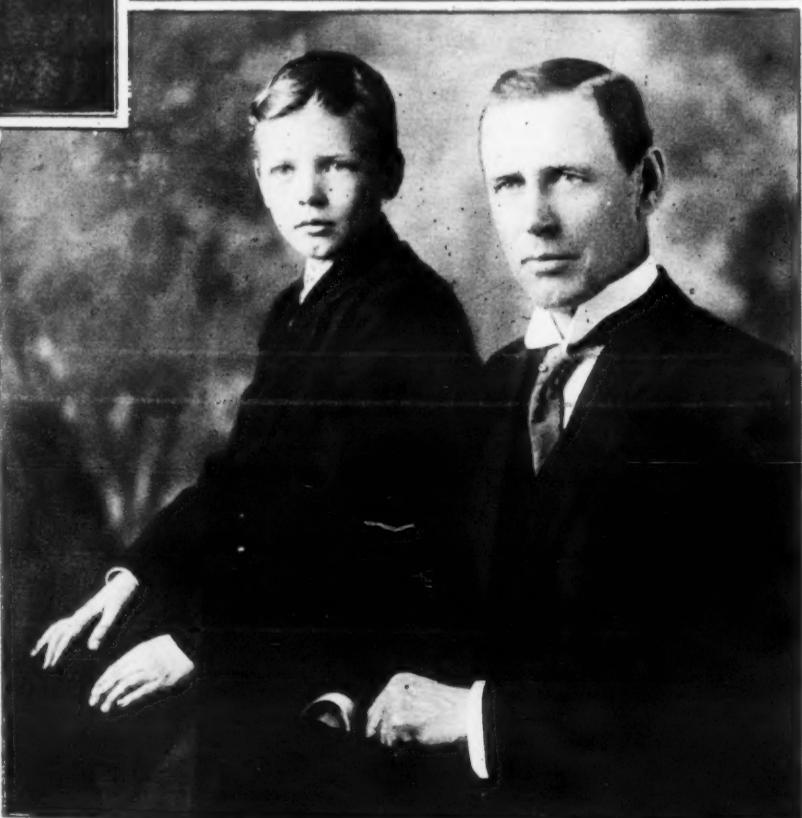
CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1902, but was reared in Little Falls, Minn. His father, the late Charles A. Lindbergh, formerly a Congressman from Minnesota, died in 1924. His mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh, is now a teacher of chemistry in the Technical High School, Detroit.

The heroic young American aviator, who was the first man to cross the Atlantic Ocean alone by air and the first to fly from New York to Paris, is of Swedish, English, Irish and French descent. He graduated from the Little Falls High School in 1918 and studied chemical engineering for a year at the University of Wisconsin.

His flying experience began in 1921 when he traveled by motorcycle from Little Falls to Lincoln, Neb., and entered the flying school conducted by the Lincoln Standard Aircraft Company. Later he decided to enroll in the army flying school at Kelly Field, Texas, and the trusty motorcycle again carried him to his destination.

He remained at Kelly Field for two years, then spent a year in the Army Flying Service, after which he entered the employ of the Robertson Aircraft Company at St. Louis. At that time he was a First Lieutenant in the Army Air Reserve. He joined the Thirty-fifth Division, Air Corps, of the Missouri National Guard and by December, 1925, was a Captain in the reserve and in the National Guard and flight commander of the 110th Observation Squadron. In April, 1926, he began to fly air mail planes between Chicago and St. Louis for the Robertson Company.

On four occasions during his career as a mail pilot the engine of his plane failed him and he was forced to leap from the plane with a parachute. Thus he automatically became a member of the Caterpillar Club, an organization made up exclusively of aviators who have saved their lives by a parachute jump.



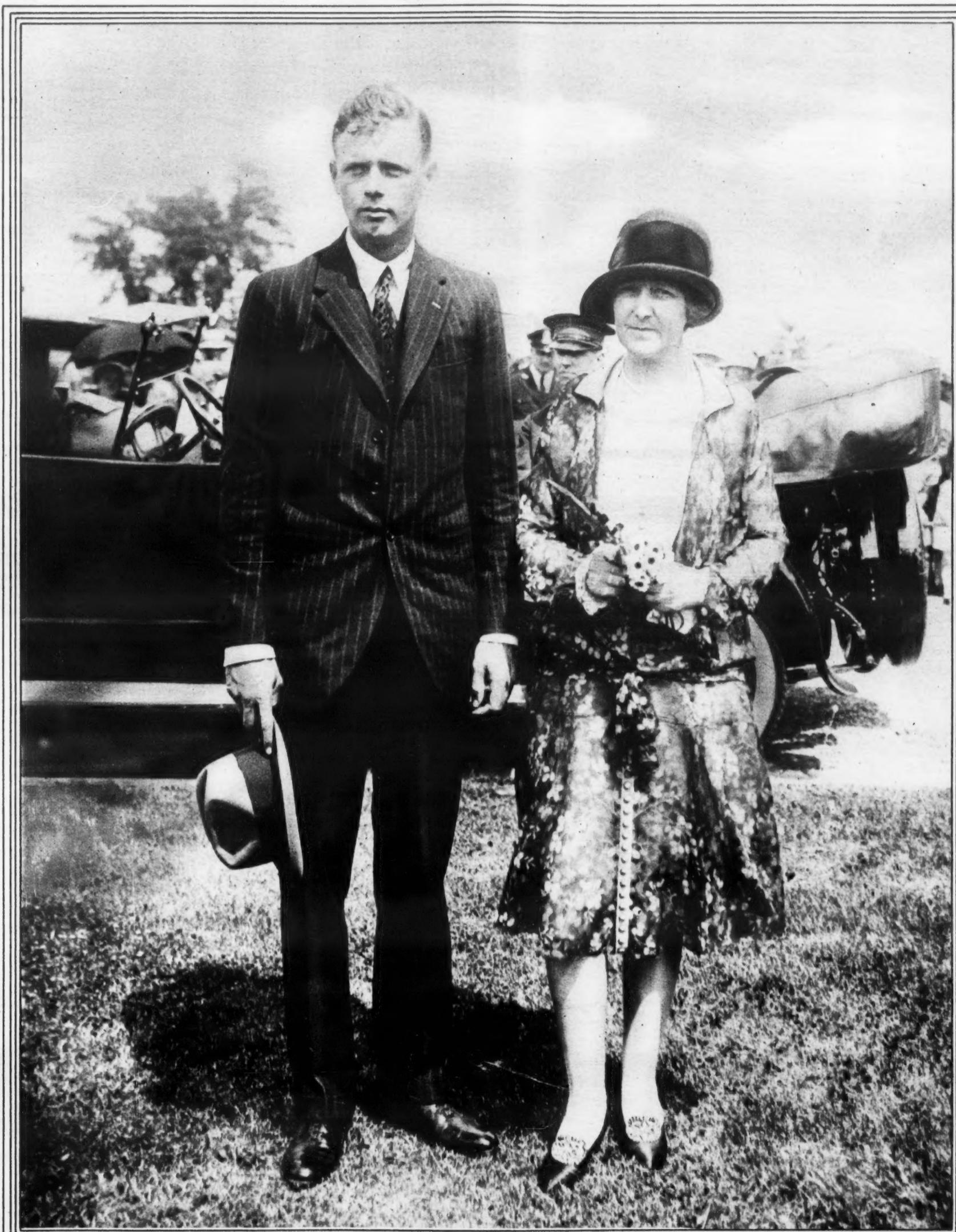
# Mid-Week Pictorial

*"A National Magazine of News Pictures"*

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NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1927.

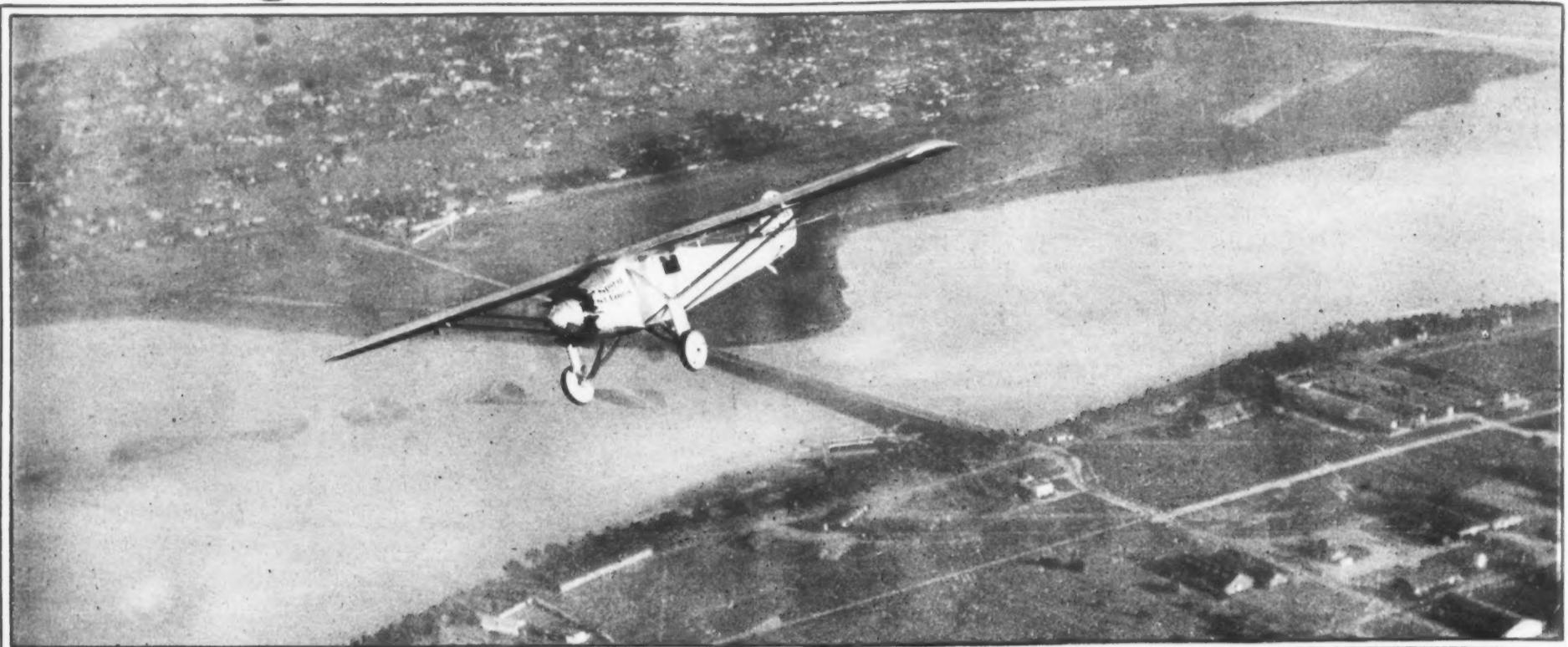
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AN AMERICAN MOTHER AND HER SON: MRS. EVANGELINE LODGE LINDBERGH  
AND COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., Where Colonel Lindbergh Placed a Memorial  
Wreath Upon the Tomb of America's Unknown Soldier.  
(© Harris & Ewing. From Times Wide World.)

# Lindbergh Last in the Field, But First to Go



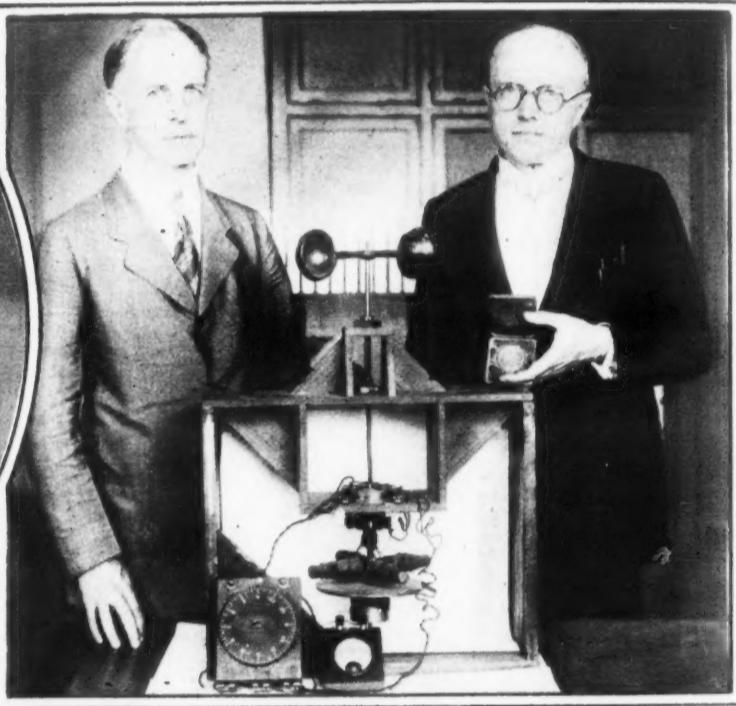
THE BEGINNING OF AN EPIC ACHIEVEMENT: THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS on a Test Flight Over San Diego, Cal., Prior to Lindbergh's Hop East and Then Overseas to France. (Times Wide World Photos.)



CHARLES A. LINDBERGH AND B. F. MAHONEY, President of the Ryan Aircraft Company, Which Built the Plane in Which Lindbergh Hopped First From San Diego to St. Louis, Then From St. Louis to Curtiss Field, Long Island, and Finally From Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget, Outside Paris, France. (Times Wide World Photos.)



THE DESIGNER OF LINDBERGH'S PLANE: DONALD HALL, Engineer of the Ryan Aircraft Corporation, Planned the Details of the Spirit of St. Louis With Hawley Hall, Plant Manager of the Ryan Corporation. (Times Wide World Photos.)



INVENTORS OF LINDBERGH'S COMPASS: DR. L. J. BRIGGS AND DR. PAUL P. HEYL (Left to Right), Respectively, Assistant Director and Chief of the Sound Section of the Bureau of Standards, Washington, Devised the Earth Inductor Compass Which the Lone Flier of the Atlantic Carried With Him. (Times Wide World Photos.)

WHEN Lindbergh was first heard of in the East his name came simply as that of an unknown Western aviator who intended to have a try at the New York-to-Paris trip, flying a Ryan monoplane. Inasmuch as Commander Richard E. Byrd with the Fokker plane America and Clarence Chamberlin with the Bellanca plane Columbia were already on Long Island preparing for the same venture, little attention was paid to the unknown Westerner, and it was regarded as a practical certainty that either the Fokker or the Bellanca ship would be the first to cross the Atlantic from New York.

But a general awakening took place when this young

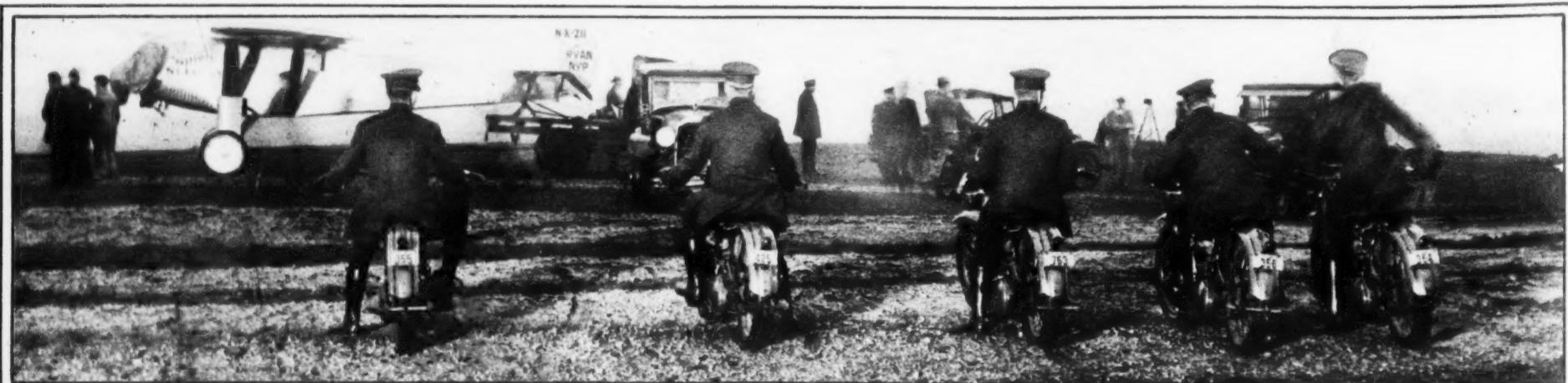
Lochinvar came out of the West in highly spectacular fashion. On a chosen afternoon he took his seat in the cockpit of his plane at San Diego, Cal., and a little over fourteen hours later came down at St. Louis, having covered 1,600 miles in one hop—a new record for a long-distance flight by one man. On the following morning he set out for Long Island, where he arrived and nonchalantly set about his final arrangements for the long flight over the ocean.

By this time New York and the whole nation had realized that there was something to this chap Lindbergh. At the first view of him people liked the tall, slender, handsome boy who was utterly unaffected and

unsensational save in his deeds, and the more they saw of him the more they thought of him.

Quarrels and legal snarls were holding back the Bellanca plane. Commander Byrd, for his part, was testing the Fokker again and again with different loads and under different weather conditions, for the man who last year cruised over the North Pole consistently took the attitude that he was not racing against anybody and that the Fokker flight, if and when made, would be a scientific rather than a sporting event.

But Lindbergh was ready. All that was necessary for him was the promise of propitious weather, and in due time it came.



POLICE PROTECTION FOR THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS After Its Arrival on Long Island From the Far West. (Times Wide World Photos.)

# Tuning Up for the Challenge to the Atlantic



"YOUNG LOCHINVAR HAS COME OUT OF THE WEST": LINDBERGH ARRIVES AT CURTISS FIELD, LONG ISLAND, in the Spirit of St. Louis From the Midwestern City Whose Name Was Carried Across the Atlantic by the Heroic Young Aviator. (Times Wide World Photos.)



THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS AT CURTISS FIELD, Before the Unprecedented Lone Flight to Paris. (Times Wide World Photos.)

THE spirit of sportsmanship has never been more splendidly displayed than by the aviators on Long Island toward one another. Rivals though they were for the honor of first crossing the Atlantic by air from New York to Paris, they were friendly rivals—comrades of a perilous brotherhood and gentlemen unafraid. Not the faintest trace of jealousy was shown by any of the men who were scanning the skies and poring over weather charts. Courtesies were freely extended.

But Lindbergh from the moment of his arrival became the popular favorite. The long one-stop jump from San Diego, the fact that he proposed to fly across the ocean absolutely alone, his simplicity, his modesty, his very ingratiating and spontaneous smile—all these things made a warm place for him in the heart of the public which was watching and waiting. Could "the kid" do it? Everybody hoped that he could.

Just before midnight on Thursday, May 19, Lindbergh decided that the time had come. It was raining and a heavy fog lay over Roosevelt Field. Many shook their heads, but Lind-

bergh, from the late weather reports, had envisaged clear skies to the north. He left orders that he should be awakened at 2:15 o'clock in the morning, but before the clock struck 2 he was up again ready for the beginning of one of the greatest adventures ever undertaken by man. While he slept it had rained harder, but word came that the fog was lifting along the coast. About 500 bedraggled enthusiasts were waiting to see the take-off.

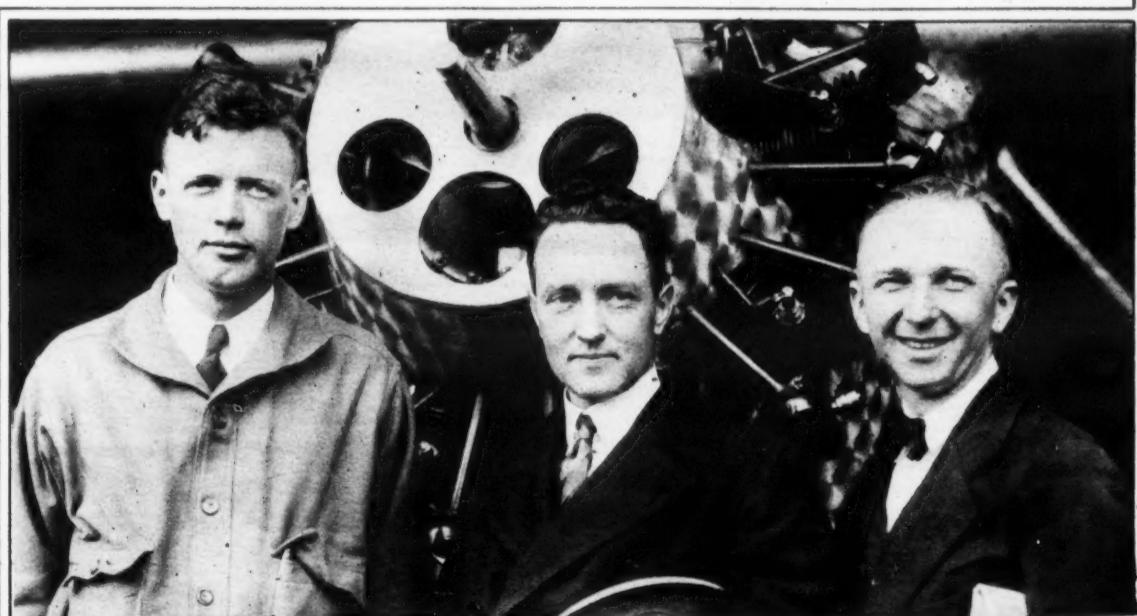
The tanks were filled, the last odds and ends attended to and at 7:52 o'clock Lindbergh gave the word and the plane started. It moved slowly down the runway which was being used by the courtesy of Commander Byrd, lurched a bit as bumps were struck, rose once or twice and then came down again, while the onlookers groaned and almost despaired. And then it rose higher and higher, speeding further and further away until it was a speck in the sky. Then even the speck was invisible.

Lindbergh had started!

Thereafter the world could only wait and hope. The daring young knight errant of the air was in the hands of inscrutable fate.

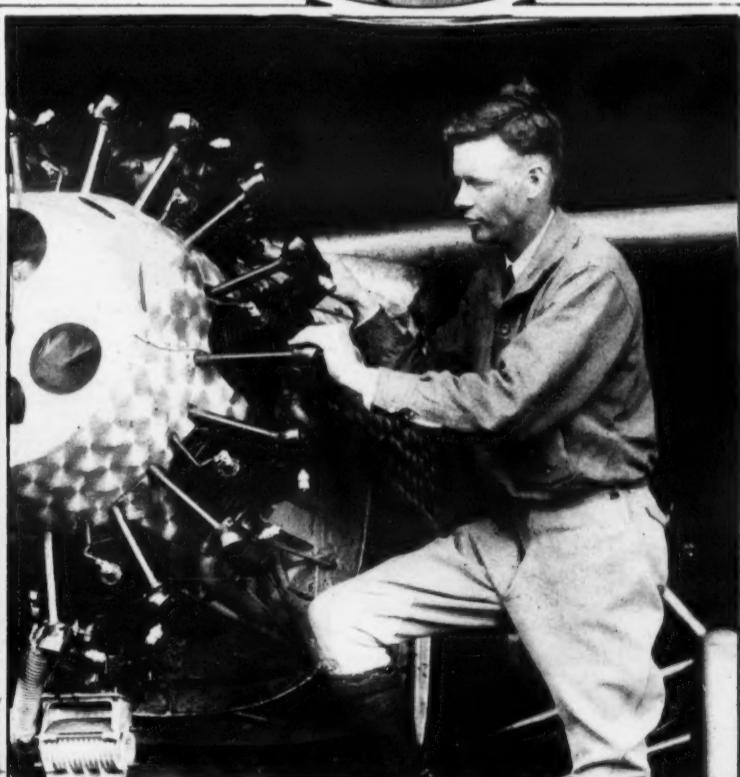
CHARLES A. LINDBERGH at the Start of a Test Flight Over Long Island.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



THREE GENTLEMEN UNAFRAID: CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD AND CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN

at Roosevelt Field, L. I., Prior to the Start of Lindbergh's Flight. Since the Young Pilot's Achievement Chamberlin Has Also Crossed the Atlantic, Going Further Than Lindbergh Did and Coming Down at Eisleben, 110 Miles From Berlin. Chamberlin Was Accompanied by Charles A. Levine. (Times Wide World Photos.)



THE FINAL ADJUSTMENTS.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



## KING OF THE AIR STARTS ON HIS EPOCH-MAKING FLIGHT



A PASSENGER LEFT BEHIND: PATSY, A VERY TINY KITTEN, Was Found Asleep by Captain Lindbergh in the Warmest Spot in the Cockpit of His Plane Shortly Before He Set Out for Paris. He Thought of Taking Patsy Along as a Mascot, but Decided at Last to Make the Flight Alone. (Times Wide World Photos.)



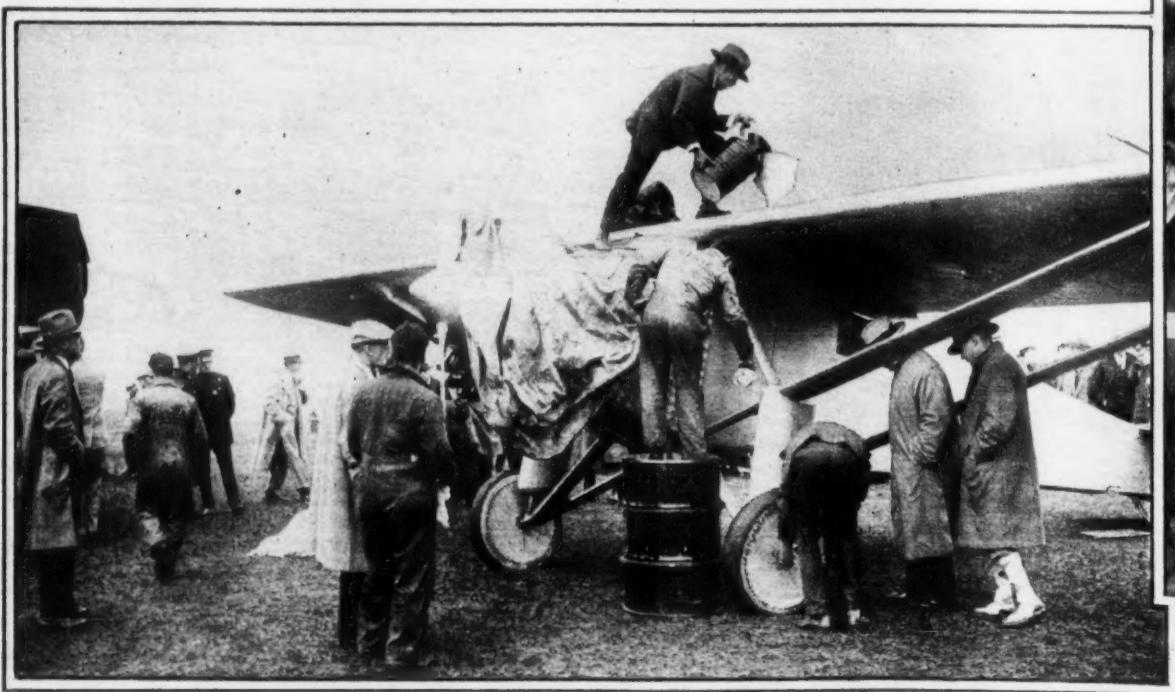
AS THE CRUCIAL MOMENT APPROACHED: CAPTAIN LINDBERGH GETS INTO HIS FLYING TOGS, Cool and Collected as Always. Everybody Seemed to Be Excited, in Fact, Except Lindbergh Himself. (Times Wide World Photos.)



GETTING READY: CAPTAIN LINDBERGH SHAKES HANDS WITH A FRIEND Before Climbing Into the Spirit of St. Louis and Starting Upon the Flight to Paris Which Won the \$25,000 Orteig Prize. (Times Wide World Photos.)

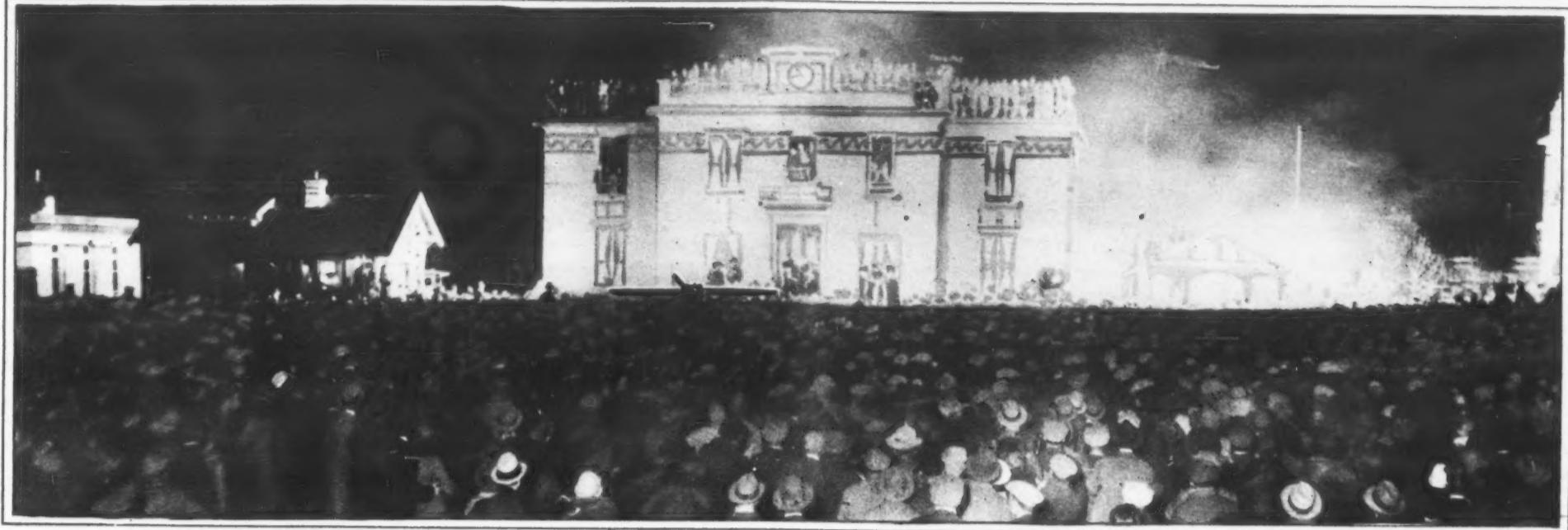


A SACRIFICAL GIFT TO CAPTAIN LINDBERGH: MRS. LOMA OLIVER JR. Presents the Young Flier With the Mirror of Her Vanity Case to Replace a Defective Glass in the Periscope Which He Had to Use When Looking Ahead, Owing to the Peculiar Construction of the Plane. (Times Wide World Photos.)



POURING FUEL INTO THE TANK OF LINDBERGH'S PLANE as the Hour of the Hop-Off Drew Nigh. Crowds Gathered Quickly When It Became Known That the Great Attempt Was About to Be Made. (Times Wide World Photos.)

# The Lone Eagle Swoops From the Skies on Paris



THE ARRIVAL AT LE BOURGET FLYING FIELD,  
Near Paris, After 33½ Hours in the Air. "Well, I Made It!" Said Lindbergh as the Plane Came to a Stop. A Huge Crowd, Breaking  
the Lines of Soldiers and Gendarmes, Surrounded the Spirit of St. Louis. (Times Wide World Photos.)

LINDBERGH followed the coast in a northerly direction, but after leaving Cape Cod behind was out of sight of land until 300 miles further on, when Nova Scotia came into view. He was sighted over St. John's, Newfoundland, at 8:15 o'clock in the evening of May 20 (7:15 by New York Daylight Saving Time), having gone several miles out of his way with the purpose of checking his bearings and being seen. This accomplished, he headed out to sea. The motor, he says, was acting perfectly.

It was just after leaving Newfoundland behind that he ran into bad weather. He was making his way through a driving sleet storm—and sleet is perilous to aviators, as the ice may weigh down the wings of a plane so as to force a descent. Below Captain Lindbergh lay the ocean. Darkness had come. He did his best to get out of the storm, flying as low as ten feet above the water and then rising to 10,000 feet, but the storm continued all night. At morning he was able to come down to a comparatively low level.

Just before Newfoundland faded into the distance he had seen one ship, he tells us in his account of the flight. During the night he saw the lights of several others during the storm and fog. But on May 21 the Atlantic lay below him, a waste of waters with not a craft in sight.

It was very cold during the night and icebergs appeared near Newfoundland. Captain (later Colonel) Lindbergh was wearing his ordinary flying clothes, but he never suffered from the weather where he sat in the sheltered cockpit. His worst danger was at night, and he says that it was then that he thought he might have to turn back and abandon the great attempt. "But then I figured it was probably just as bad behind me as in front of me, so I kept on toward Paris."

With the night and the storm behind him he could face the future with a fair degree of confidence. "I was going along at a hundred miles an hour, and I knew that if the motor kept on turning I would get there." It kept on turning, and on sped the Spirit of St. Louis, keeping its course so well that when at length Lindbergh reached the Irish coast he was only three miles from the theoretic point which he might have struck

had he had a navigator along. He gives the chief credit for this sureness of direction to the earth inductor compass which he carried with him, and in which his confidence was not placed in vain. This compass is based on the relation between the magnetic field of the earth and the field which is generated in the plane. With the course so set that the needle registers zero, any deviation will cause the needle to move from zero in the direction of the error.

Early in the afternoon Captain Lindbergh caught sight of a fleet of fishing boats. He swooped down toward them, near enough to shout an inquiry as to whether he was on the road to Ireland. They simply stared at him and made no reply. "Maybe they didn't hear me," says Lindbergh. "Maybe I didn't hear them. Or maybe they thought I was just a crazy fool."

So on he went, leaving the astonished fishermen far behind him. An hour later a rocky coast came into view. It was Ireland. He had crossed the Atlantic—alone!

Once he flew low enough to see in detail what he declares was "the most wonderful looking piece of natural scenery I have ever beheld."

Having decided that his eyes were really resting upon Erin's Isle, he knew that the worst of the journey was over. He flew low over Ireland, but seems to have attracted little attention. Then he passed over England and saw the silver Channel stretching between the white cliffs of Albion and the Continent of Europe—France!

He went higher as he crossed the Channel; then passing west of Cherbourg, came down comparatively close to earth again, reached the Seine and followed it upstream. Darkness was falling once more, but rockets and Very lights were flaring ahead of him and he knew that Paris lay there, waiting for him.

An immense gleaming electric sign came into view, which soon revealed itself as the Eiffel Tower. Circling over Paris, he saw a cluster of lights which he thought

must be Le Bourget flying field, though he could discern no hangars, and furthermore was mystified by the fact that the field was east of Paris rather than northeast, where he had expected to find it. Still in doubt, he flew back over Paris seeking another air field, but failed to find one, and returned to the great lighted space where a huge crowd was about to go wild in his honor. Flying low, he could now see the lights of many automobiles. This decided him and he landed.

Never since the armistice and the visit of President Wilson has Paris been so universally thrilled as on the night of Lindbergh's arrival. The great crowd at Le Bourget, which had awaited him for many hours, had doubted his success and shaken its head over the likelihood of his sharing the fate of the unfortunate Nungesser and Coli. Rumors that he had been sighted here or there were noised about, only to be damned a little later as "unconfirmed." Such rumors and even definite announcements had come to Paris regarding the two brave Frenchmen who, after leaving the coast of France, were never seen again. Thus, the crowd feared, it would be with Lindbergh.

But when the Spirit of St. Louis came to earth and the lanky young American made the wholly unnecessary but characteristically modest explanation, "I am Charles Lindbergh," the emotions of the throng were released in a great rush to embrace and congratulate the aviator. Paris, with one united and tumultuous gesture, gave him its heart.

As soon as he could be extricated from the crowd at Le Bourget the youthful conqueror of air and ocean was carried to the American Embassy and put to bed in a pair of borrowed pajamas. One of the most delightful incidents of his arrival came when he informed Ambassador Herrick that he had brought several letters of introduction with him because "this is a new country to me and nobody knows me here."

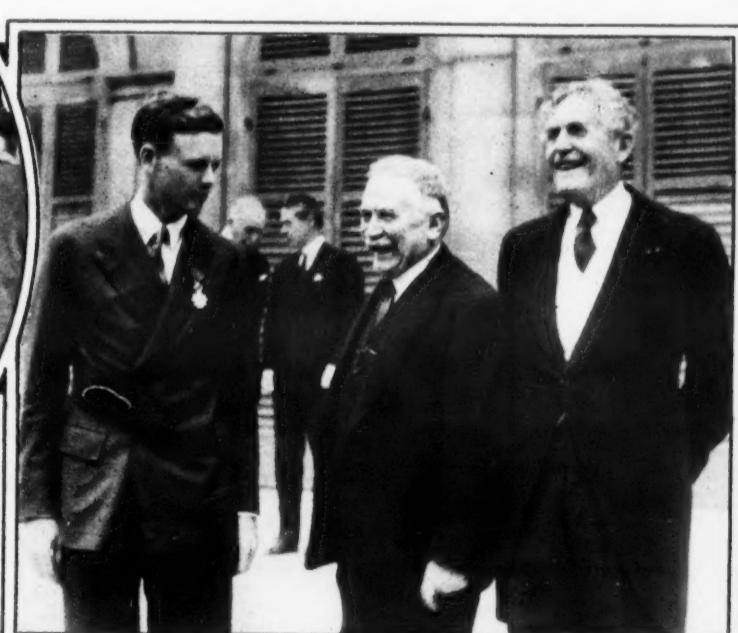
But all Paris knew him. The next few days were a ceaseless round of honors and receptions. He was decorated by President Doumergue. Famous soldiers and statesmen greeted and praised him. Veteran pioneers of flying saluted him as the hero whose daring had brought the fulfillment of their dreams.



"VIVE LINDBERGH!" ON THE STEPS OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY in Paris Captain Lindbergh, With Ambassador Herrick Beside Him, Is Wildly Cheered by the Paris Crowd. (Times Wide World Photos.)



THE SALUTE OF A PIONEER: LOUIS BLERIOT, WHO FLEW THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN 1909, an Unprecedented Feat at That Time, Warmly Greets Captain Lindbergh in Paris. (Times Wide World Photos.)



CAPTAIN LINDBERGH, PRESIDENT GASTON DOUMERGUE OF FRANCE AND AMBASSADOR HERRICK on the Occasion of the Presentation to Lindbergh of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. (Times Wide World Photos.)

## INTREPID AVIATOR RECEIVES A TREMENDOUS OVATION



UNDER TWO FLAGS: THE BANNERS OF FRANCE AND AMERICA  
Are Waved by Captain Lindbergh From the Balcony of the Aero Club of France While the  
Crowd Below Cheers Him. Ambassador Herrick Stands Beside Lindbergh.  
(© P. & A.)



AN HONOR RESERVED FOR  
SOVEREIGNS:  
THE AMERICAN FLAG

FLIES

Above the French Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay in Paris, the First Time Such a Tribute Has Been Paid to Any One Not the Head of a Nation.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



MILITARY HONORS FOR THE AVIATOR ON HIS  
SECOND VISIT TO LE BOURGET:  
THE THIRTY-FOURTH FRENCH REGIMENT  
Is Drawn Up on the Flying Field Where He Landed to Honor  
Lindbergh When He Comes Back to Inspect His Plane.  
(International.)

CAPTAIN LINDBERGH SIGNS HIS NAME  
VERY, VERY OFTEN: FRENCH AVIATORS  
Bring Him Their Autograph Albums at Le Bourget  
and He Inscribes One of the Most Illustrious Signatures  
to Be Found in Their Pages.  
(International.)



THE SHIP WHICH CARRIED "LINDY" TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF FAME: THE FRENCH CROWDS,  
the Morning After His Arrival, Inspecting the Spirit of St. Louis in Front of the Hangars at Le Bourget.  
(International.)

## SUCH AS SELDOM HAS BEEN GIVEN TO KINGS OR EMPERORS



A REVIEW AT LE BOURGET: CAPTAIN LINDBERGH, AMBASSADOR HERRICK and French Officials Inspect the Aviation Units at the Famous Flying Field.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



LUNCHEON TO LINDBERGH AT LE BOURGET:  
PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE Presides and in the Background Is the Spirit of St. Louis, While Beside It Is the Plane in Which Pegoud Successfully Looped the Loop for the First Time.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



THE TWO HALVES OF "WE":  
CAPTAIN LINDBERGH, the Day After His Arrival in Paris, Wearing the Famous Borrowed Suit, Inspects the Damage Which Was Done to His Plane by the Enthusiasm of the Crowd at Le Bourget.  
(© P. & A.)



THE PRESS EXTENDS ITS FELICITATIONS: FRENCH NEWSPAPER MEN Greet Captain Lindbergh After the Ceremony in Which He Was Decorated by President Doumergue.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

## BELGIUM HONORS AMERICA'S CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS



A MESSENGER OF FRIENDSHIP FROM

AMERICA:

CAPTAIN

LINDBERGH

Addresses a Great Crowd in Brussels, Shortly After His Arrival in the Belgian Capital.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



LINDBERGH AT THE TOMB OF BELGIUM'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



FELICITATED BY

ROYALTY:

AMERICA'S AIR ACE Bends Over the Hand of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, While King Albert (Behind Lindbergh) Looks On.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



LINDBERGH SALUTES THE BELGIANS on His Arrival at the Flying Field at Evere.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



THE ARRIVAL IN BELGIUM: THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS Lands at Evere Flying Field, Near Brussels, Where a Royal Welcome Greeted Lindbergh.

(Times Wide World Photos.)

## WILDLY ACCLAIMED BY CHEERING CROWDS IN LONDON



HAILING A VOYAGER OF THE SKIES: THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS,

Lindbergh's Plane, Is Greeted by Thousands at the Croydon Aerodrome, Outside London, as It Comes Into View After Crossing the Sea From Belgium.

(Times Wide World Photos.)

**F**Ollowing Lindbergh's unparalleled reception in Paris, where, under the kindly guidance of Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from President Doumergue and charmed not only official and unofficial France but all the world, other capitals claimed him. It was decided that visits should be paid to Brussels and London.

On May 28 Lindbergh flew in the trusty Spirit of St. Louis from Le Bourget to the Belgian air field at Evere. A welcoming crowd of 25,000 was held back from the flier and his plane by some 5,000 troops with fixed bayonets. Prime Minister Jaspar was at Evere to greet the young American. A wreath was laid by Lindbergh on the tomb of Belgium's Unknown Soldier, and he was

received at the palace by King Albert and the royal family, and made by the King a Chevalier of the Royal Order of Leopold. All Brussels did him honor.

Then came London's turn. Lindbergh flew across from Evere and arrived at Croydon Aerodrome, outside the British capital, at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of May 29. A tremendous crowd, whose number was estimated at 150,000, was waiting for him, and a scene similar to that at Le Bourget was enacted. The throng could not be held back, and both Lindbergh and his plane were in danger from the ardor of the cheering thousands.

On May 31 the American aviator was received by King George at Buckingham Palace, and the Air Force

Cross was pinned upon his breast. The only other Americans who have ever received it were the crew of the NC-4, who crossed the Atlantic via the Azores in 1919. Lindbergh also visited the Prince of Wales and Premier Stanley Baldwin and was the guest of Lord and Lady Astor at the House of Commons. The Royal Aero Club and other organizations of flying men entertained him, and he saw the running of the Derby at Epsom Downs.

Returning to France (by air, of course), Lindbergh prepared to sail for his native land on the United States cruiser Memphis.

This cross-Channel flight was made in a British military plane, in order that the Spirit of St. Louis might be packed for shipment on the Memphis.

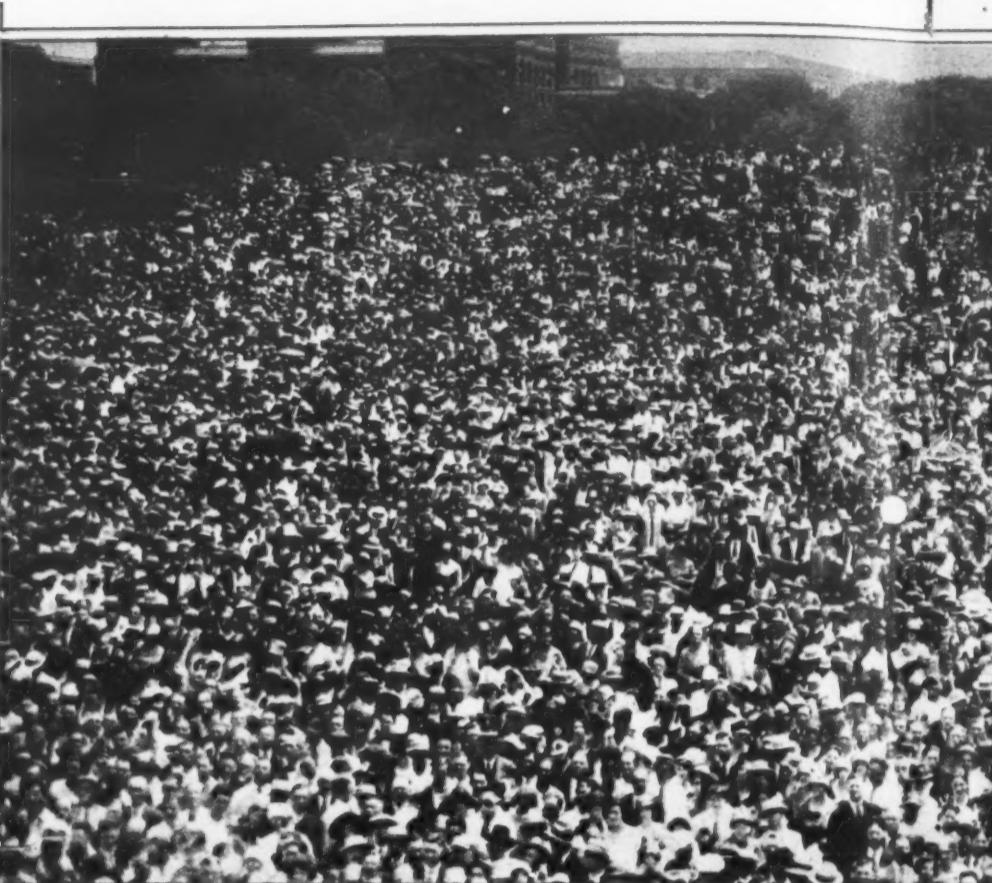
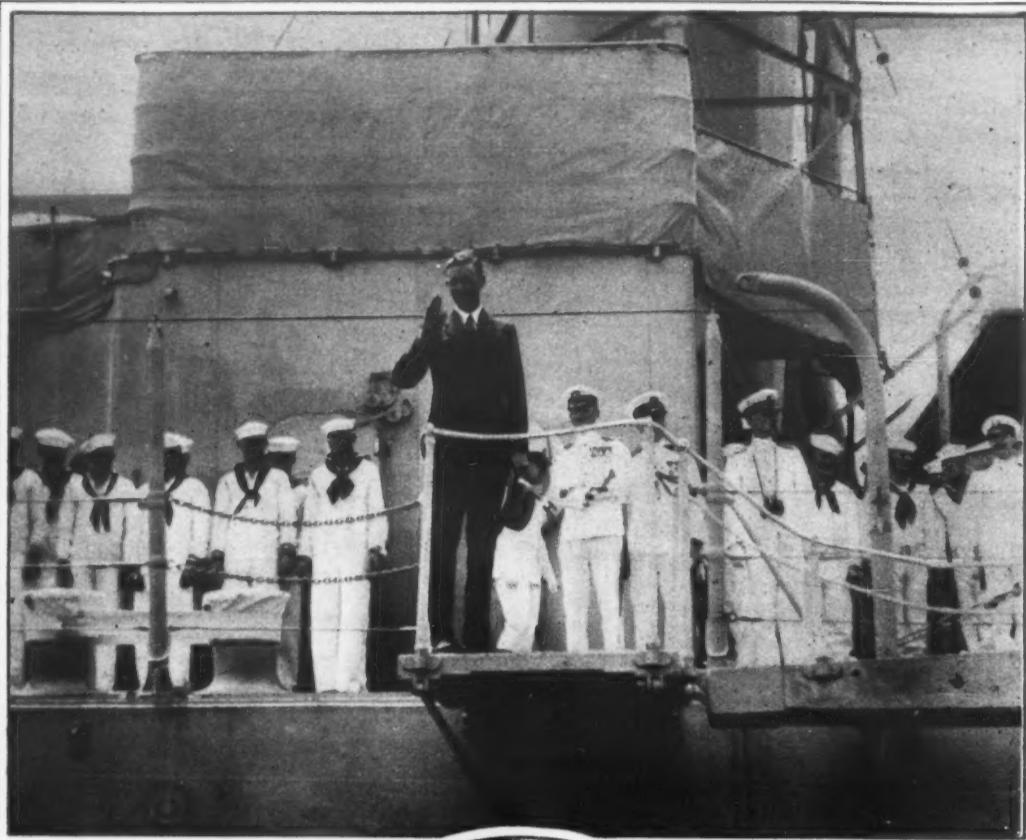


LINDBERGH ARRIVES AT THE CROYDON AERODROME, NEAR LONDON: A HUGE CROWD

Which Had Assembled to Welcome Him to England Surged Toward the Plane When It Landed, Breaking the Police Lines and Causing Lindbergh to Declare: "This Is Worse—or I Should Say Better—Than Paris!"

(Times Wide World Photos.)

# The Young Viking, After His Immortal Flight, Comes Home



THE RETURN OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CITIZEN: LINDBERGH WAVES A GREETING to the Crowd on Shore as the Cruiser Memphis, Which Brought Him Back From France, Docks at the Washington Navy Yard.

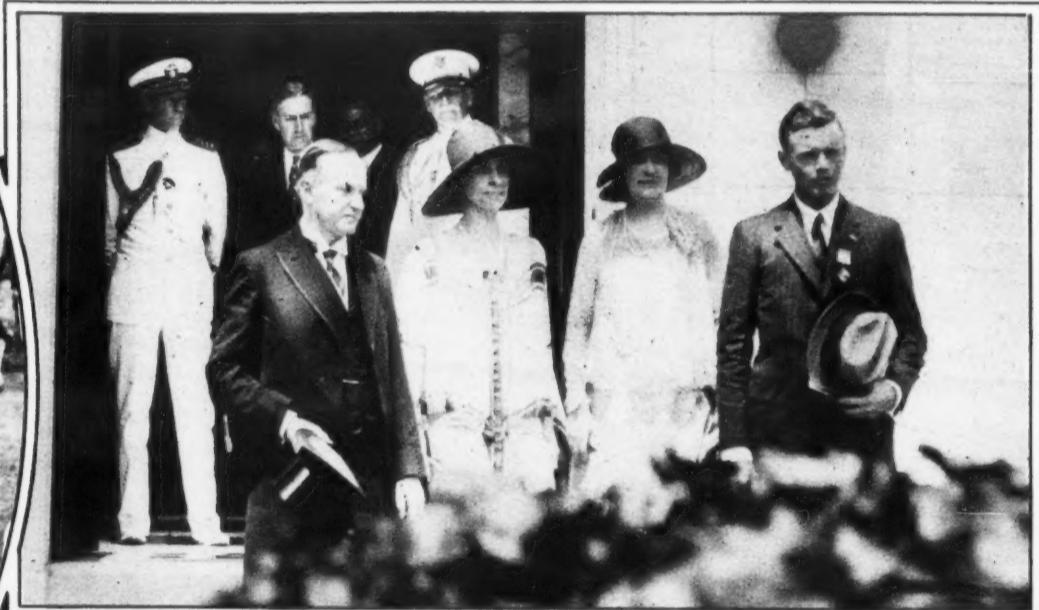
(© Harris & Ewing, from Times Wide World Photos.)



AT THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL: WITH GENERAL JAMES M. KENNEDY,

Colonel Lindbergh Visits the Disabled Veterans Who Gave All That They Had to Give for Their Country During the Late War.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE, MRS. LINDBERGH AND "LINDY" HIMSELF at the Temporary White House in Dupont Circle, Washington.

(Times Wide World Photos.)



EN ROUTE TO THE RECEPTION CEREMONIES: THROUGH CHEERING THRONGS the Automobile Bearing Colonel Lindbergh and His Mother Makes Its Way to Potomac Park. In Front, to the Right, Is John Hays Hammond, Chairman of the Washington Reception Committee.

(Times Wide World Photos.)

THE GREAT CROWD WHICH GATHERED AT THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT in Honor of Colonel Lindbergh. Old-Time Washingtonians Declare That It Was the Greatest Throng Ever Seen at Potomac Park.

(Times Wide World Photos.)

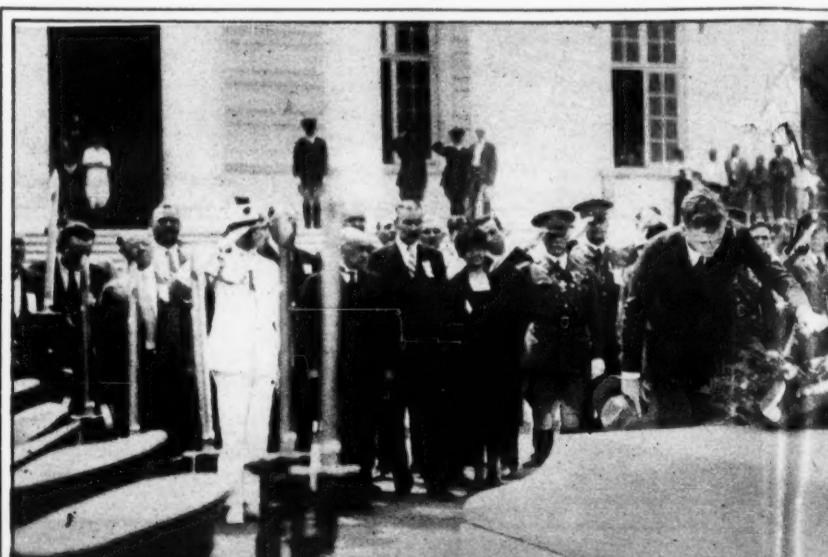
THE United States cruiser Memphis, bearing Lindbergh and his cherished airplane, sailed from Cherbourg on June 4 and arrived on the morning of June 11 at the Washington Navy Yard. A number of interesting things happened during the voyage, one of which was that Lindbergh missed by only a few miles catching sight of the Chamberlin plane, Columbia, as it passed over the North Atlantic, bound for Germany.

Colonel Lindbergh, as he now is—the State of Missouri having promoted him to higher rank in its National Guard—found the national capital aflame with excitement over his coming. Tremendous crowds were awaiting him, but the first person to go on

board the Memphis was his her quiet good taste and a spectacular, has become almost a figure with the public as he son.

The young aviator was all had expected him to be. "I unspoiled," said President Coolidge, referring to the ceremonies at the Washington Navy Yard, during which the Distinguished Service Cross was bestowed upon the young aviator. Lindbergh's speech on that occasion was received with enthusiasm.

"On the evening of May 28, 1927, at Le Bourget, France, I was

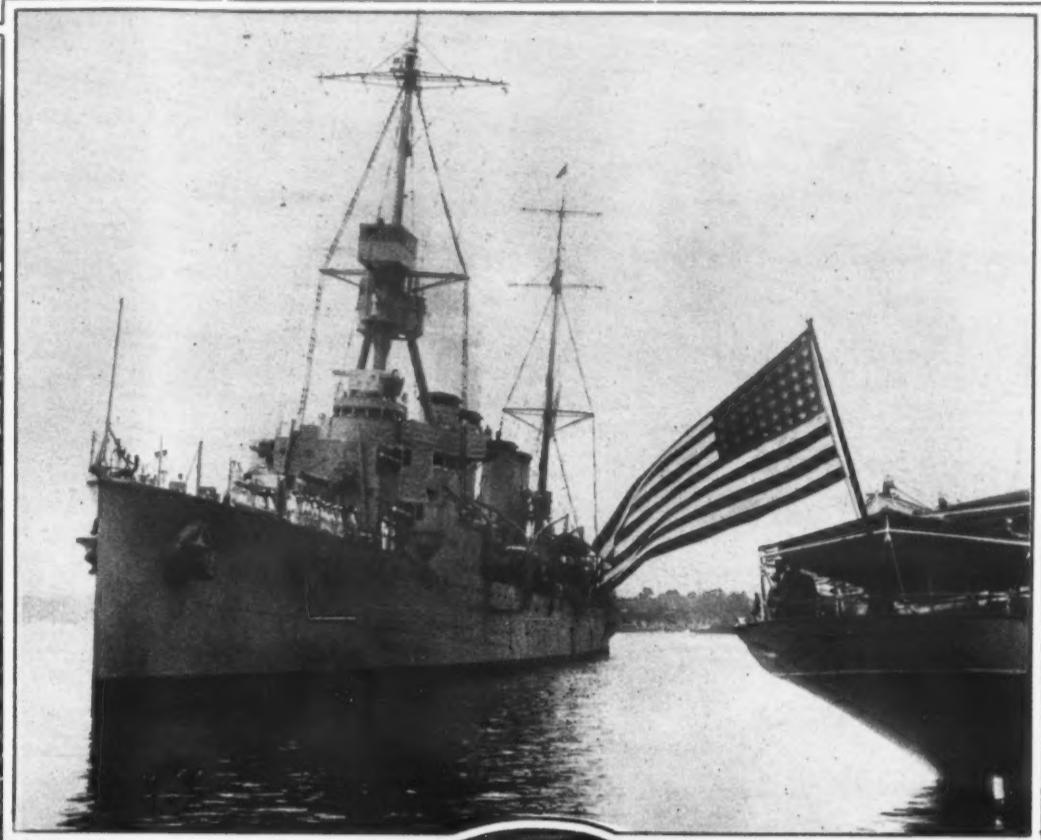
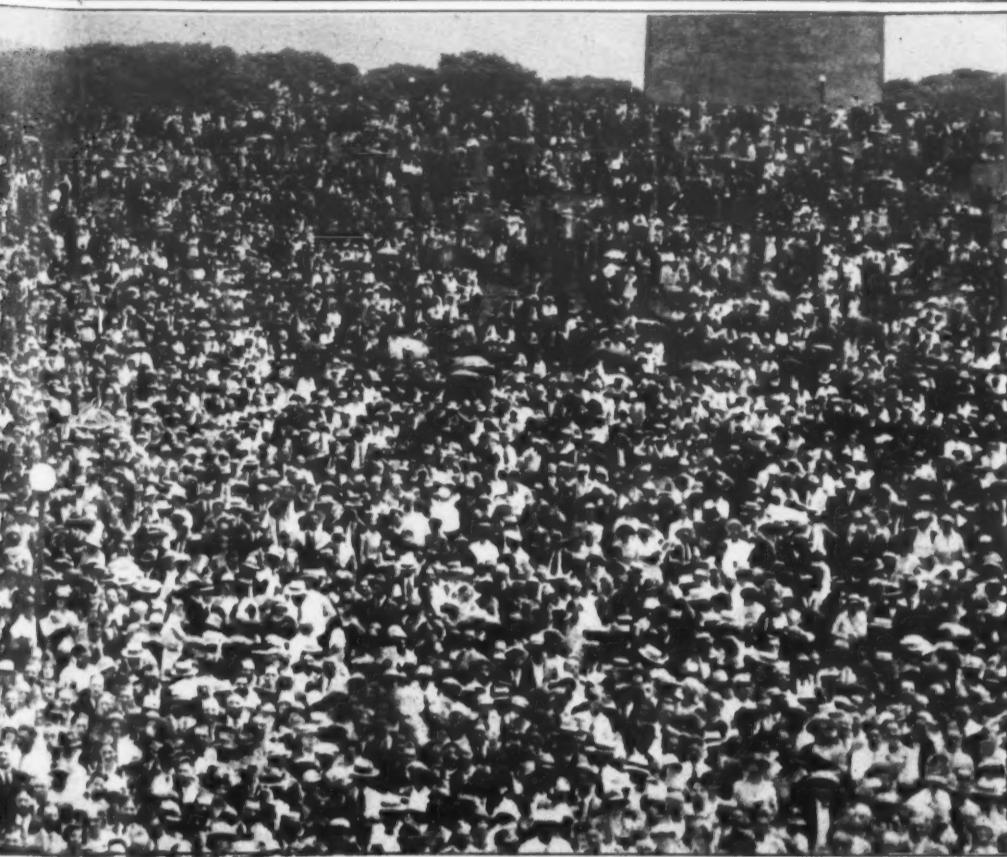


A TRIBUTE TO THE HEROIC DEAD: A WREATH on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery.

(© Harris & Ewing, from Times Wide World Photos.)

oria, June 23, 1927

# Colonel Lindbergh Comes Home to the Arms and Hearts of His People



THE GREAT CROWD WHICH GATHERED AT THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT in Honor of Colonel Lindbergh. Old-Time Washingtonians declare that it was the greatest throng ever seen at Potomac Park. (Times Wide World Photos.)



THE SHIP THAT BORE LINDBERGH HOME: THE U. S. CRUISER MEMPHIS as she docked at the Washington Navy Yard on the morning of June 11. (Times Wide World Photos.)



## FROM THE STEPS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Colonel Lindbergh acknowledges the cheers of a great crowd.

(© Harris & Ewing, from Times Wide World.)

Colonel Lindbergh was his mother, who, by taste and avoidance of the public as her distinguished

aviator was all that the crowds him to be. "He has returned President Coolidge during at the Washington Monument which the Distinguished Flying towed upon the flier, who has it if any one has. Lindbergh on that occasion was as fol-

eling of May 21 I arrived at France. I was in Paris for one

week, in Belgium for a day and was in London and in England for several days. Everywhere I went, at every meeting I attended, I was requested to bring a message home to you. Always the message was the same. 'You have seen,' the message was, 'the affection of the people of France for the people of America demonstrated to you. When you return to America take back that message to the people of the United States from the people of France and of Europe.' I thank you."

While in Washington he also visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery and placed a wreath of carnations upon it.



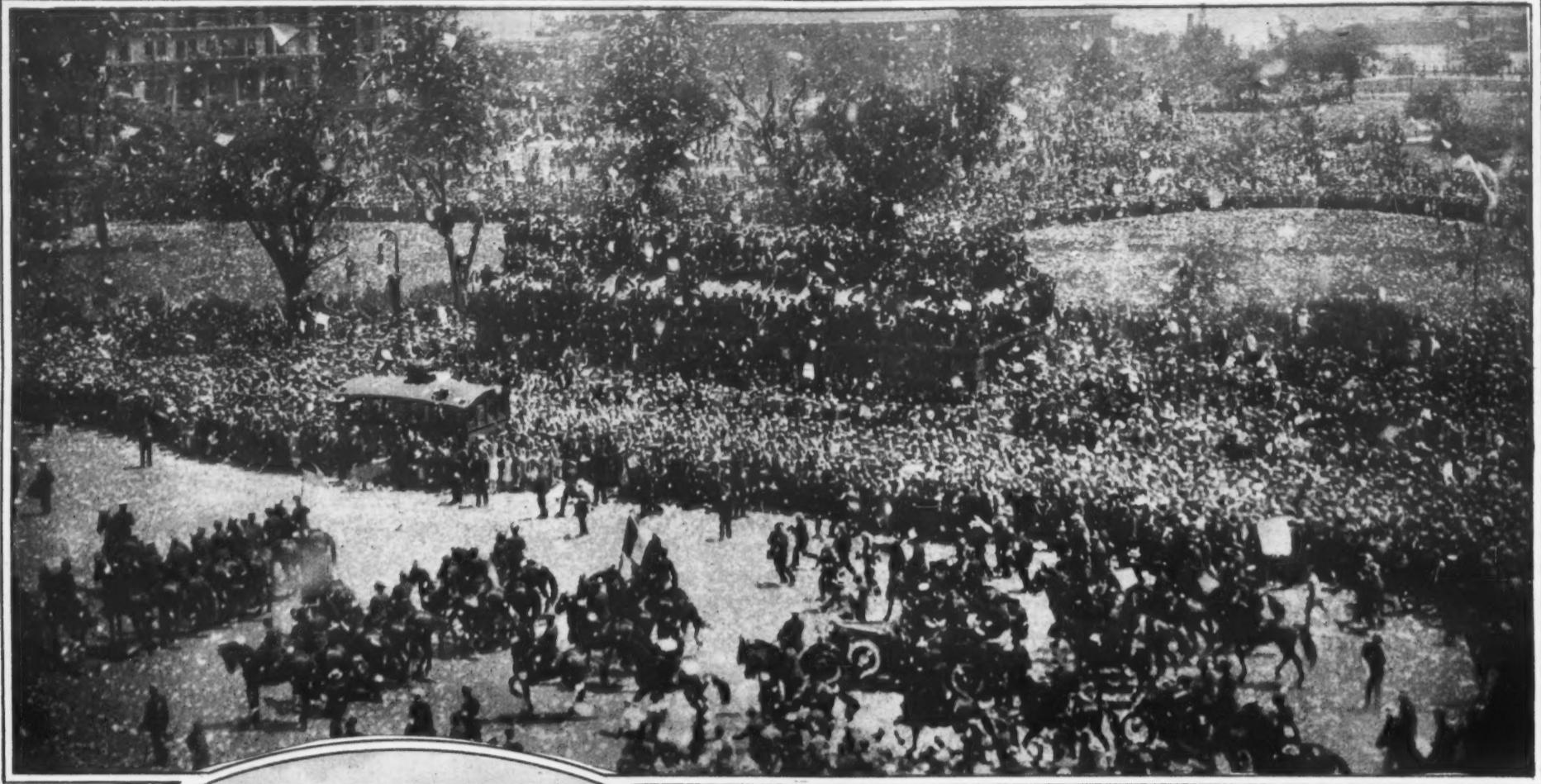
A WREATH IS LAID BY COLONEL LINDBERGH on National Cemetery, Across the Potomac From Washington. (Times Wide World.)



## LINDBERGH DELIVERS A MESSAGE FROM EUROPE: SPEAKING AT THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT,

He tells of the friendship of the people of France and of Europe for the people of the United States. His speech consisted of only 106 words. At the left are President and Mrs. Coolidge. (© Harris & Ewing, from Times Wide World.)

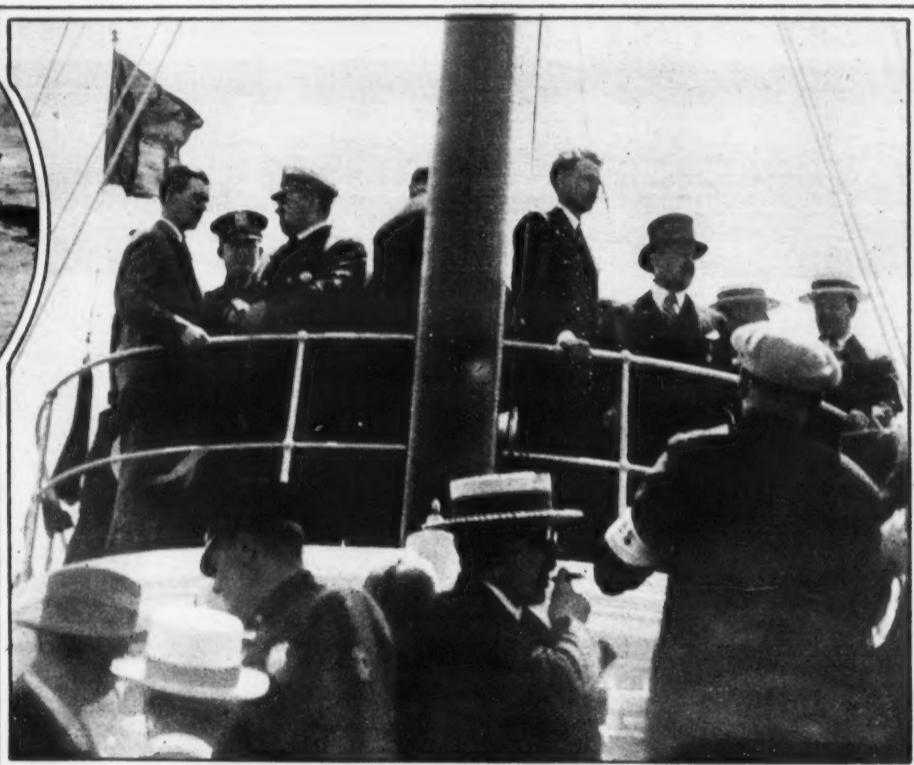
## NEW YORK GIVES "LINDY" GREATEST OVATION OF ALL



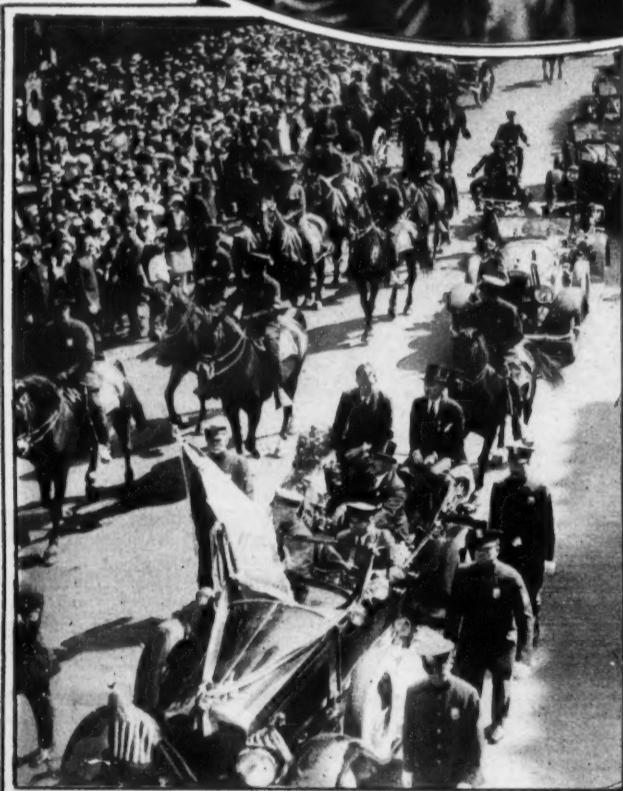
LEAVING THE BATTERY: AMID A STORM OF FLUTTERING BITS OF PAPER  
Colonel Lindbergh Begins His Triumphal March Up Broadway to City Hall.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



LIND-  
BERGH'S  
LANDING: HE  
COMES DOWN IN THE  
LOWER BAY OF NEW  
YORK  
in a Seaplane, While  
Whistles Blow, Sirens  
Honk and Thousands of  
Onlookers Cheer Them-  
selves Hoarse in His  
Honor.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



APPROACHING THE BATTERY: COLONEL LINDBERGH ON THE  
MUNICIPAL WELCOMING BOAT MACOM  
About to Dock. "Lindy" Is at the Right of the Mast and Next to Him Is Grover  
Whalen of the Welcoming Committee.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

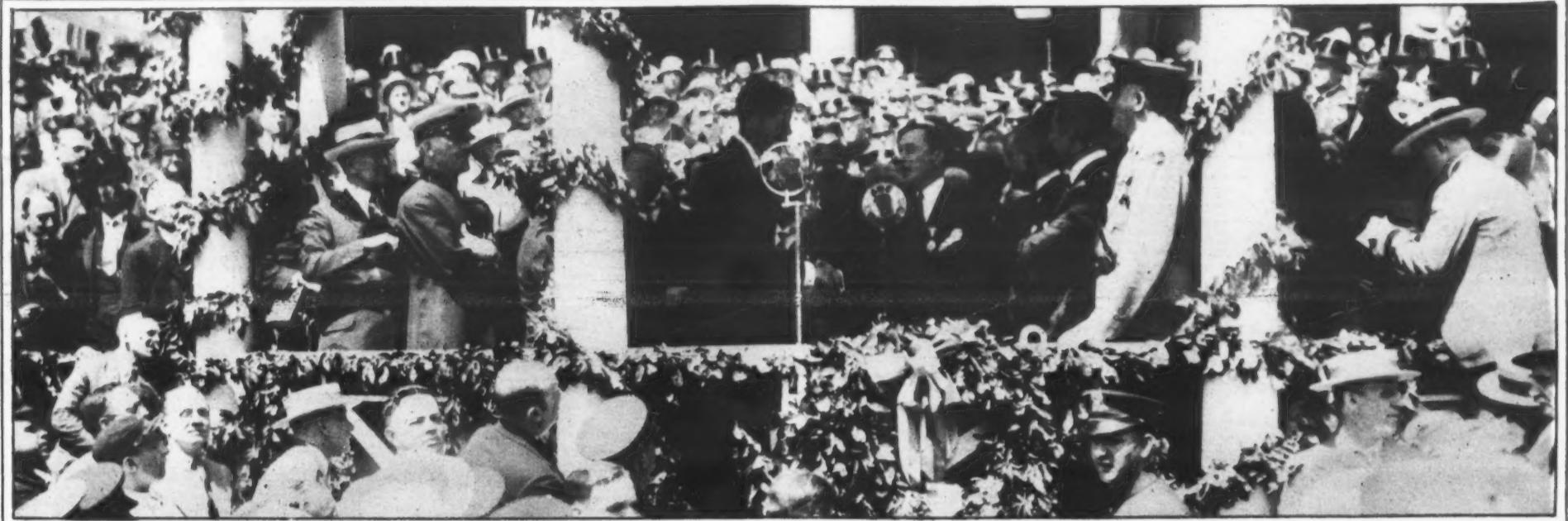


"SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!"  
PERCHED ON THE BACK OF HIS  
AUTOMOBILE,  
With Mayor Walker Beside Him, Colonel Lindbergh  
Quietly Receives the Greatest Welcome That New  
York Has Ever Extended to Any Celebrity.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



IN MEMORY OF NEW YORK'S SOLDIERS AND  
SAILORS: AT THE "ETERNAL LIGHT,"  
Which Burns to Commemorate the Men Who Died  
in the World War, Colonel Lindbergh Pauses to Lay  
a Wreath of Flowers.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

# The Metropolis Pays Tribute to the Man Who Dared



MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER OF NEW YORK  
Shakes Hands With Colonel Lindbergh, Lauds His Epoch-Making Achievement and Presents to Him, on Behalf of the City of New York, a Scroll of Honor and a Medal for Valor.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

**C**OLONEL LINDBERGH flew from Washington to Mitchel Field, Long Island, on June 13, using a Curtiss biplane, when at the last moment it appeared that the Spirit of St. Louis had developed engine trouble. From the flying field he soared to the Narrows, the gateway of New York Harbor, in the seaplane San Francisco, which took part in the recent Goodwill Flight to South America. Landing in the bay, he was taken aboard the municipal reception boat Macom and carried to the Battery, where he landed and found the greatest reception in the history of New York waiting for him.

The big town astonished itself with its own ardor. Something like 4,000,000 persons are believed to have turned out for the Lindbergh demonstration. Never has there been such a crowd or greater enthusiasm. Broadway was lined with cheering, waving men, women and children. Flags were everywhere and from all the office buildings came the streamers of ticker-tape and the tiny bits of paper in which New York delights on such occasions. A steady roar passed up the famous street with "Lindy" to the City Hall, where Mayor Walker extended the city's formal welcome. Then the procession continued via Astor Place, Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue to the Mall in Central Park, where more notabilities were awaiting the hero of the day, including Governor Alfred E. Smith, who pinned upon his breast the Medal for Valor of the State of New York.

The crowds liked "Lindy" even before they saw him, and when their eyes rested upon him in the flesh they liked him still better and proclaimed the fact with vociferous cheers. The young flier more than fulfilled their highest anticipations with his easy bearing, his modesty, his good looks and his smile.

It was a great day for Lindbergh, but a greater day for New York, whose citizens will long remember it as the most magnificent holiday of all.

"Lindy's" mother shared the honors of the day with him and when she appeared it seemed sometimes that the applause for her was even greater than that which the aviator himself called forth. Every individual in the huge throngs was apparently moved by the idea, however undefined, that Mrs. Lindbergh was a symbol of the kind of training that results in the production of just such splendid and stalwart young Americans as the boy who braved the fury of the Atlantic Ocean and vanquished it. Mrs. Lindbergh was enthroned in the heart of the public that day as an apotheosis of American motherhood.

After two days in the spotlight and while New York's ceremonies in honor of her son were still in full swing, Mrs. Lindbergh slipped away with a party of friends returning to St. Louis, where the great flight was financed and where the Colonel's homecoming was to be celebrated with public rejoicing.



Lieut. Walter Hinton

Mail, express and freight lines are beginning; great factories are building planes by hundreds for pleasure, business and air transportation.

The industry is growing so fast that there is a positive hunger for trained men in all its branches. *But without training, no man is wanted.*

Training combined with grit enabled Capt. Lindbergh to win his recent great victory over space.

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have trained men. There must be no mistake in the construction of a plane.

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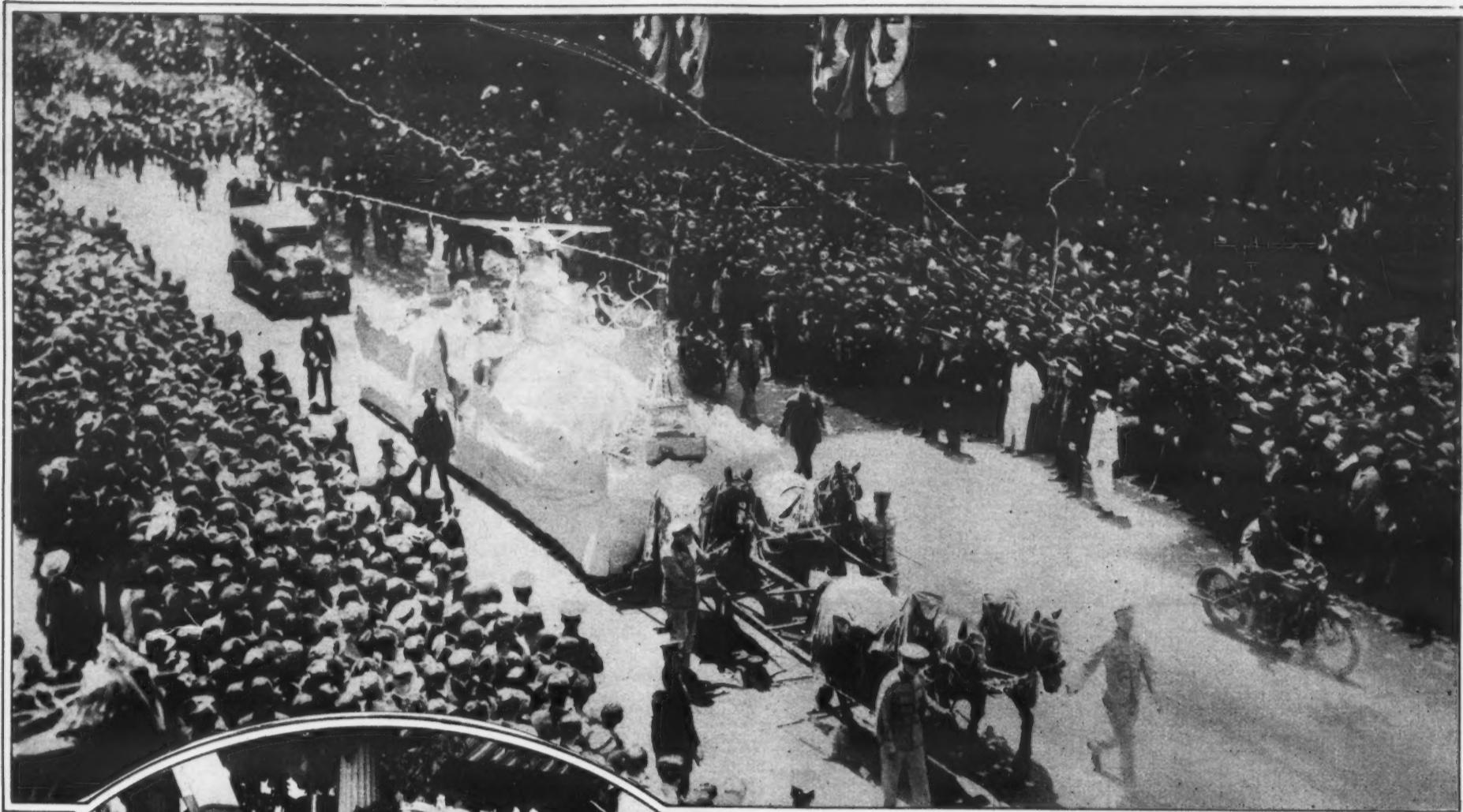
## AVIATION INSTITUTE OF U. S. A.

Walter Hinton, President

71 West 45th Street

New York, N. Y.

## FOUR MILLION ROAR NEW YORK'S WELCOME TO LINDBERGH



LOWER BROADWAY MADLY CHEERS "LINDY": WITH FLAGS FLYING, Paper Streaming and Bands Playing the New York Financial District Welcomes America's Air Hero.

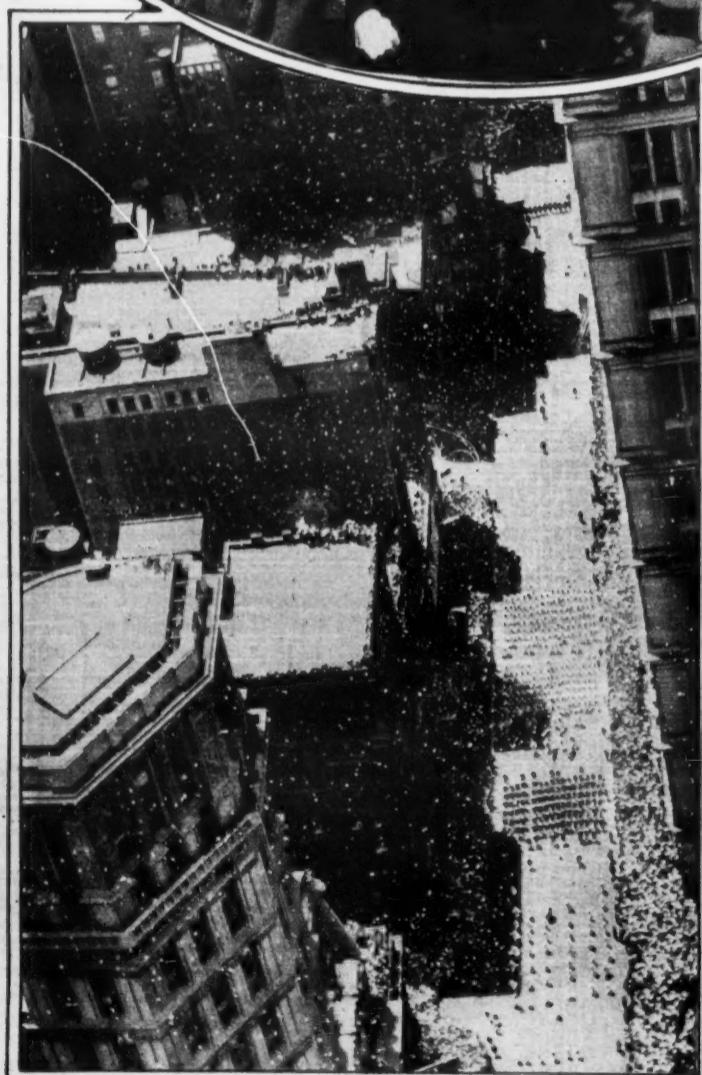
(Times Wide World Photos.)



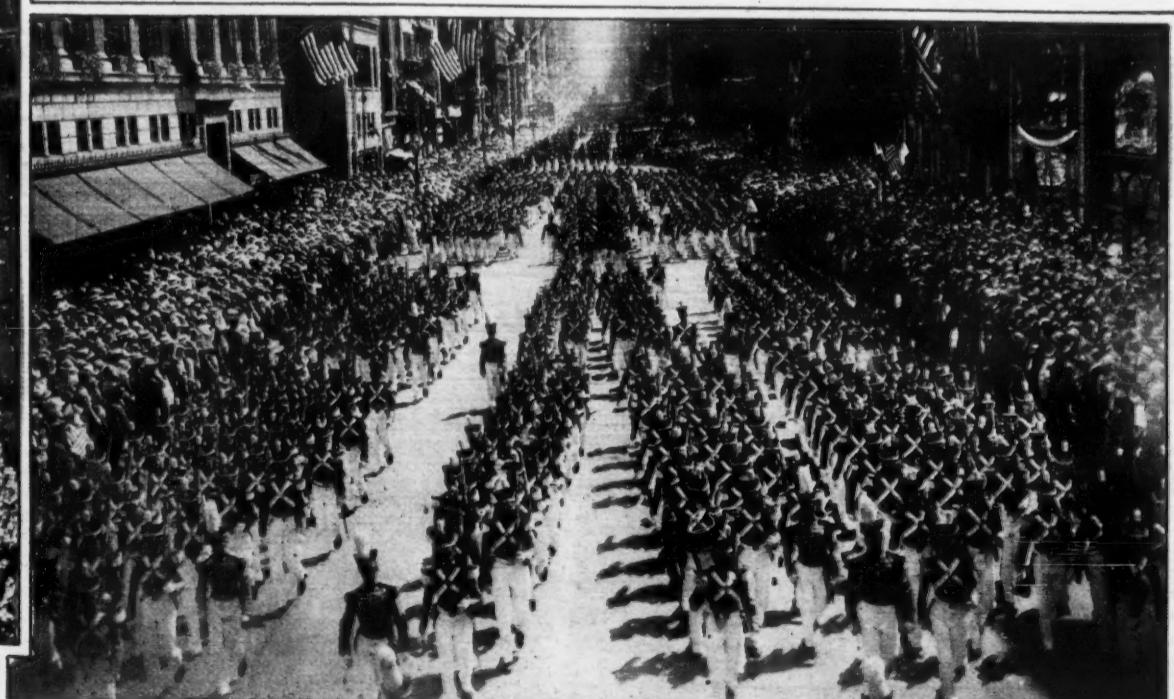
THE REVIEWING STAND IN CENTRAL PARK: GOVERNOR ERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH Can Be Seen in the Second Row and Near Him Is Mrs. Smith. (Times Wide World Photos.)



GOING TO WELCOME HER SON: MRS. LINDBERGH, MOTHER OF THE FLYER (Left), Arrives at the Battery, at the Lower End of Manhattan Island. Mrs. James J. Walker, Wife of the Mayor of New York, Is at the Right. (Times Wide World Photos.)



LIKE A SNOWSTORM OVER THE CITY: MILLIONS OF PIECES OF PAPER Were Showered Upon the Lindbergh Parade as It Moved Uptown. This Photograph Was Taken From the Woolworth Tower as the Marchers Approached Park Row. (Times Wide World Photos.)



PART OF THE GREAT LINDBERGH PARADE in Which 10,000 Troops Took Part, While the Sidewalks All the Way Were Lined With Cheering Throngs. (Times Wide World Photos.)





LINDBERGH SAILS UP NEW YORK HARBOR TO A TREMENDOUS RECEPTION: TO THE SOUND OF SIRENS AND WHISTLES AND ACCOMPANIED BY FOUR HUNDRED CROWDED CRAFT, the Municipal Reception Boat Macom Bears Colonel Lindbergh From the Narrows, Where He Came Down in a Seaplane, to the Battery. The Macom Can Be Seen Approaching the Shore. A Little Ahead of It Is a Fireboat Spraying Water Into the Air; a Little Behind It Is the White Yacht Saelma, on Which Governor Smith Was a Passenger.  
(© Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.)

Mid-Week Pictorial, June 23, 1927

*"He Travels the Fastest Who Travels Alone"*

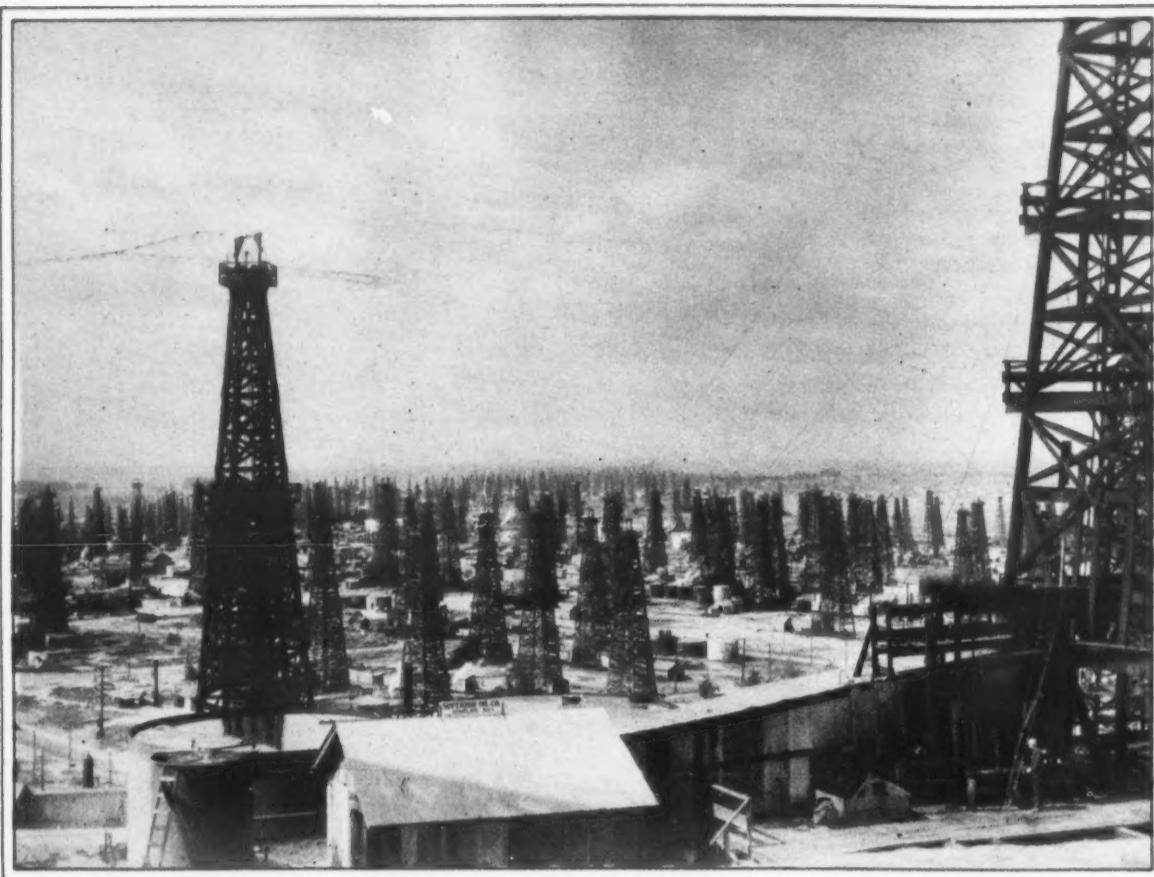


(New York Times Studios.)

# Cash Awards to Amateur Photographers

First Prize—Ten Dollars

Won by Lester A. Hansler, 3,036 Vista Street, Long Beach, Cal.



SIGNAL HILL OIL FIELD.

Second Prize—Five Dollars

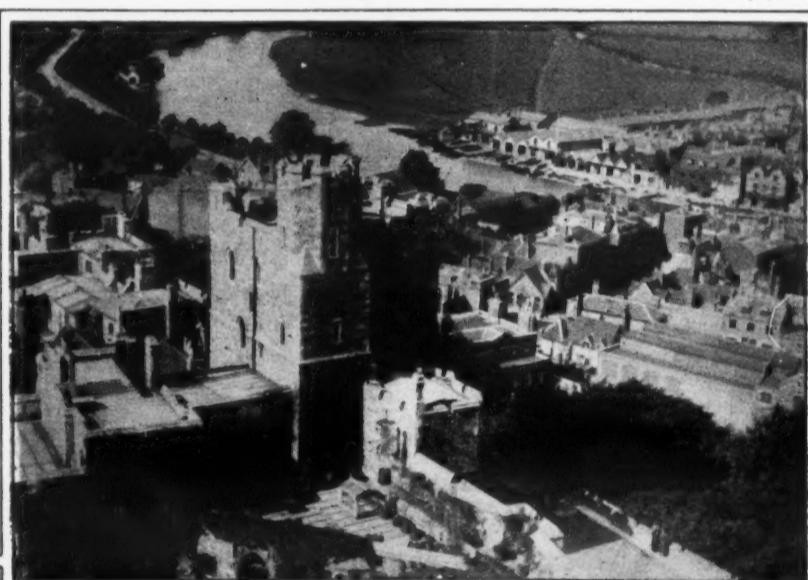
Won by E. J. Greenan, 30 Highland Street, Pawtucket, R. I.



THE TRYST.



"HOWDY!"  
Three Dollars Awarded to H. C. Tillinghast, Deaf School, Sioux Falls, S. D.



THE ANCIENT TOWN OF WINDSOR.  
Three Dollars Awarded to Hugh T. Calender, 10 Acre Lane, Brixton, S. W., 2, London, England.



AMONG THE DAISIES.  
Three Dollars Awarded to R. N. Hardcastle, 804 Overbrook Road, Idlewylde, Md.



PICKANINNIES.  
Three Dollars Awarded to G. F. Simpson, 619 McGoffin Avenue, El Paso, Texas.



PLAYTIME  
Three Dollars Awarded to Eleanor M. Ray, 1,525 East Jackson Street, Pensacola, Fla.

All Photographs Should Be Sent to the Amateur Photographic Editor, 229 West Forty-third Street, New York, N. Y.  
Page Twenty-four

## In the Weekly Prize Camera Competition



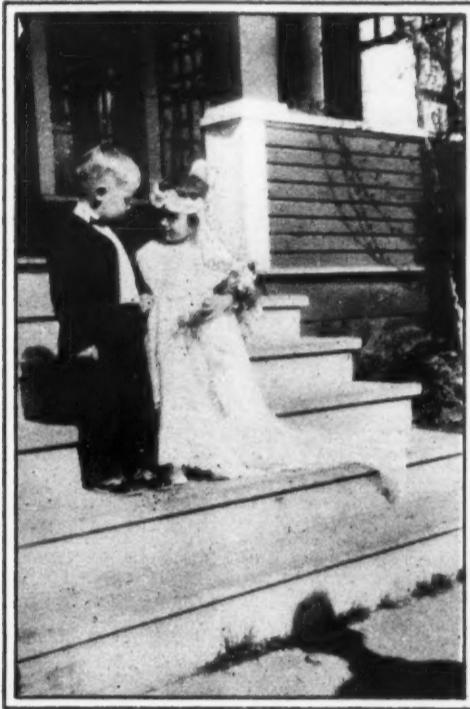
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Three Dollars Awarded to Mrs. Charles Hackett, Port Orchard, Wash.



A BABY PELICAN.

Three Dollars Awarded to W. B. Browne, U. S. S. Tennessee, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

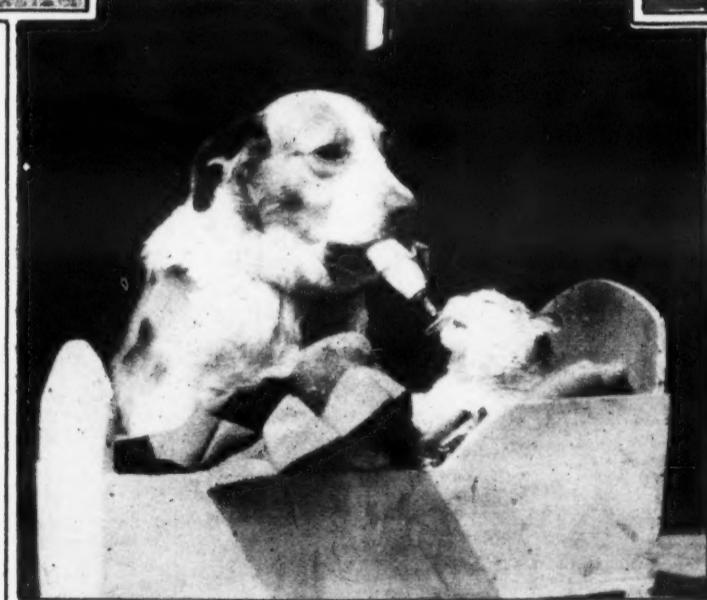


A MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

Three Dollars Awarded to Mrs. C. Coulson, Napavine, Wash.



THE BIRDS' APARTMENT HOUSE.  
Three Dollars Awarded to Lucile Young, 416 North Randolph Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



THE CRADLE-TENDER.

Three Dollars Awarded to Mrs. Joseph Watson, 454, Yalesville, Conn.

GRANDPA.  
Three Dollars Awarded to James Matthews, 225 West Seventh Street, Long Beach, Cal.

THE BURDEN OF THE SQUAW.  
Three Dollars Awarded to Frank Reeves, Box 673, Albany, Texas.



Amateur Photographers Are Invited to Ask Questions About Their Work, and These Will Be Answered, Either in This Department or Through the Mails, by the Director of The New York Times Studios.



*Portland,  
Oregon:  
Its Past,  
Present  
and  
Golden  
Future*



A SECTION  
OF THE  
RETAIL  
DISTRICT  
OF  
PORTLAND.  
(© Fred H. Kiser.)



A BIRDSEYE  
VIEW OF  
PORTLAND,  
OREGON,  
With the  
Towering  
Summit of  
Mount Hood  
in the  
Background.  
(© A. M. Prentiss.)



IN A  
LAND OF  
BEAUTY AND  
WONDER:  
MULTNOMAH  
FALLS,  
on the Columbia  
River Highway,  
Near Portland.  
This Part of the  
Highway Belongs  
to the City of  
Portland and Is a  
Public Park.  
(© Fred H. Kiser.)



**I**N the year 1844 two enterprising New Englanders, Francis W. Pettygrove and Amos L. Lovejoy, found themselves in joint ownership of a "Government land claim" at the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, in Oregon, 110 miles from the Pacific Ocean. It being apparent that the place was to be the site of an expanding settlement, the two proprietors were confronted with the problem of choosing a name for it. Now Pettygrove was a native of Maine, while Lovejoy hailed from the old Bay State. Pettygrove's wish was to call the future city Portland; Lovejoy naturally had a preference for Boston. They tossed a coin and Pettygrove won. Thus Portland, Oregon, came by its name.

When this momentous appeal to chance was made, the future metropolis of Oregon was merely a boat-landing and trading post. In 1861, when the nation went to war with itself, the growing town had 2,874 inhabitants. In 1880 there were 17,578. Railroads were being built; wheat and lumber were becoming great industries; the Western giant was opening his eyes and stretching himself. At the time of the Portland World's Fair in 1905 the population was 90,000. Today it is estimated at 350,000. And in this present year of grace Portland boasts itself the lumber capital of the world, the livestock and packing centre of the Pacific Coast, the chief furniture-manufacturing city of the West, the second largest port for export tonnage on the Western Slope, and all sorts of things besides. If Pettygrove and Lovejoy could see it now those canny Yankees would unquestionably rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great has been the kindness of the gods to their "land claim."

Modern Portland covers an area of seventy square miles. It is a city of beautiful homes—"the city of roses," myriads of which are in bloom along the residential streets from early Spring to December. Climatically the region is most attractive. The average mean temperature is 54 degrees. In August, the warmest month of the year, the mean is only 71. There are eighteen public playgrounds, and the municipal parks embrace 2,000 acres. Portland's educational facilities include one college, seven high schools, a boys' polytechnic and girls' polytechnic school, seventy-four public grade schools and many private in-

stitutions of learning. The Medical School of the University of Oregon is located there. Around Portland is a region rich in scenic beauty and historic interest, through which run some of the most admirable motor highways to be found in the world. The country is a paradise for sportsmen. "There is fishing wherever there are streams," and streams are many. Bass, trout and salmon are plentiful, and deep-sea fishing is convenient and rewarding. The mountain climber, with Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood all within striking distance, has his heart's desire.

Industrially, Portland is taking full advantage of its rich natural endowment. Lumber, of course, is Oregon's chief product. The annual output of the wood and wood products plants of the State is valued at \$87,000,000. No less than 1,100 industries are located in Portland, which employ 44,000 people with an annual payroll of approximately \$60,000,000. Four transcontinental rail lines and fifty-two steamship lines are available. In addition to being the largest lumber manufacturing city in the world, Portland is the second largest primary wool market in the United States. Port facilities and harbor and channel improvements represent an outlay of more than \$40,000,000. There are twenty-nine miles of harbor front.

Nature has been lavishly generous to the Oregonians, and not least to the people who live in Portland. No higher compliment can be paid to those whose labors and enthusiasm have built up this busy and beautiful city of the Far West than to say that they have proved themselves not unworthy of the great gifts that our Mother Earth has granted them.



AN OREGON SCENE ON THE PACIFIC HIGHWAY,  
Which Extends From British Columbia to Mexico, and Is Paved Like a  
City Street for 16,000 Miles.  
(© A. M. Prentiss.)

## GERMANY'S GREAT GREETING TO CHAMBERLIN AND LEVINE



THE COLUMBIA AT KOTTBUS,  
Where It Was Forced to Descend. The Chamberlin-Levine  
Non-Stop Flight Came to an End at Eisleben, 110 Miles  
From Berlin; It Was Continued to Kottbus and Later the  
Two Americans Flew  
to Berlin.  
(Times Wide  
World  
Photos.)



BORNE ON  
TEUTON  
SHOULDERS:  
THE MEN  
WHO FLEW  
THE  
ATLANTIC  
From New  
York to Ger-  
many Are  
Given an En-  
thusiastic  
Ovation in the  
German Cap-  
ital. Ambassa-  
dor J. G.  
Schurman Is in  
the Right Fore-  
ground.  
(International.)



GERMANY'S HONORED GUESTS: CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN  
and Charles A. Levine at Kottbus. Chamberlin Is Standing Directly in Front of the Plane,  
With Levine Beside Him.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

ON this page are reproduced some of the first pictures to arrive from Germany of the great reception given the two American fliers, Clarence D. Chamberlin and Charles A. Levine, who crossed the Atlantic by air in the monoplane Columbia, flying from Roosevelt Field, L. I., to Eisleben, Germany, 3,905 miles, in about 46½ hours—a world's record for a non-stop flight. From the first halting place the Columbia went on to Kottbus, where another descent was necessary. The final flight took them to the Tempelhof Flying Field, outside Berlin, where a great crowd welcomed them to Germany with Old Glory flying in their honor.

From President Hindenburg down, official Germany has greeted the aviators with open arms, and unofficial Germany has cheered them wildly, just as Lindbergh was cheered in France, Belgium and England. Hindenburg presented the Americans with signed portraits of himself; a street in Berlin is to be named Columbiastrasse; medals of honor were awarded the fliers by the Lord Mayor of Berlin.

Chamberlin and Levine have been flooded with congratulations and invitations from cities all over Central Europe to visit them and be feted.

The fliers' plans regarding a return to America are still indefinite. There have

been rumors that they would fly back over the ocean. In the meantime Chamberlin's mother and various members of Levine's family have sailed for Europe.

An interesting feature of the transoceanic flight of the Columbia was that when it circled over the liner Mauretania 300 miles west of England the cruiser Memphis, with Lindbergh on board, was just out of sight over the rim of the horizon. Thus the returning pioneer of the air was prevented by a narrow margin of time and space from saluting his friendly rivals as they soared toward a victory which in its way was almost as wonderful as his own.

## The Real Arabian Nights

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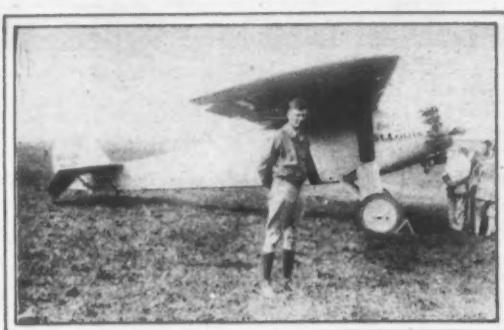
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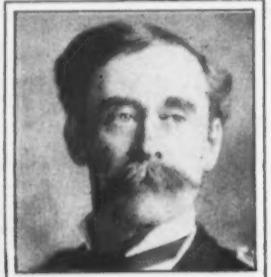
Roald Amundsen-Lincoln Ellsworth, North Pole dirigible flight, 1926.



Charles Lindbergh, New York-Paris flight.



Commander Byrd and Pilot Bennett, North Pole airplane flight, 1926.



Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, 1909.



William Beebe, Sargasso Sea Expedition in Arcturus.



Captain R. F. Scott, who reached the South Pole and perished.



Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arctic Explorer.



Dr. McGovern, who visited forbidden Lhasa.



Howard Carter, discoverer of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen.

## LINDBERGH'S STORY

Another great news event reported by  
The New York Times

The New York Times in printing Lindbergh's own story of the New York-Paris flight added another to its long roll of news stories of enduring importance.

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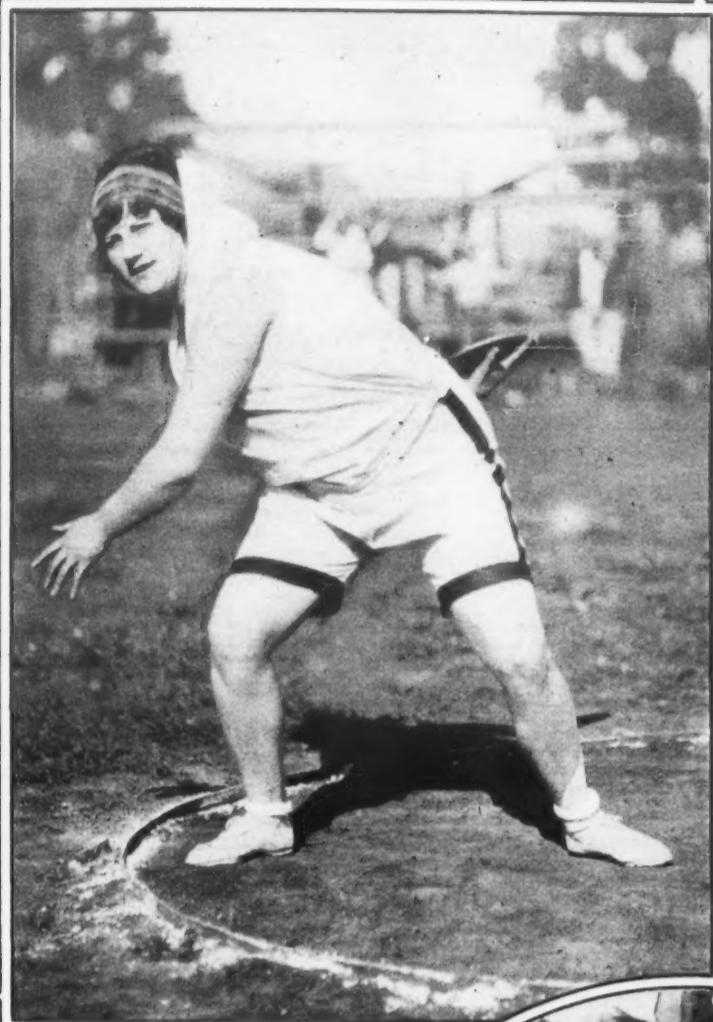


YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD FLYER DOWN: SAMUEL SCHULTZ, First-Class Machinist's Mate, U. S. N., Accompanied Commander John Rodgers on the Ill-Fated Flight Over the Philadelphia Navy Yard Last Year in Which Rodgers Was Killed. Schultz Was Badly Injured and Only Recently Removed the Plaster Cast Which Encased Him From Neck to Knee. Now He Is Devoting Himself to Automobiles Until He Is Able to Take to the Air Again.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

THE INFANTA HERSELF: MISS FRANCES ANDERSON, Who Played the Lead in "The Birthday of the Infanta," Given by the Students of the Annie Wright Seminary at Tacoma, Wash.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)

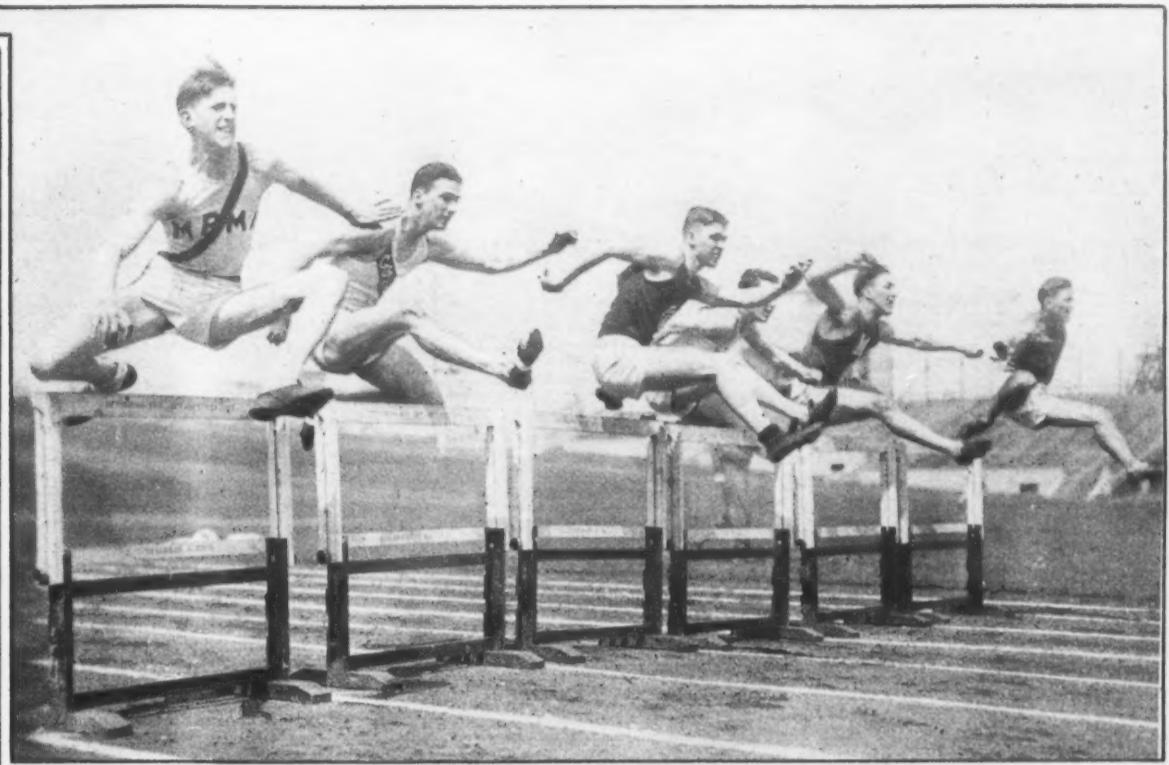


WOODCARVER TO ROYALTY: MRS. DOROTHIE M. SPEARMAN, Formerly of London, Has Now Established a Studio in Chicago. For Two Generations Her Family Has Made Shields and Crests for the British Royal Family. Mrs. Spearman Recently Completed the Decorations for Queen Mary's Chinese Room in Windsor Castle.  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



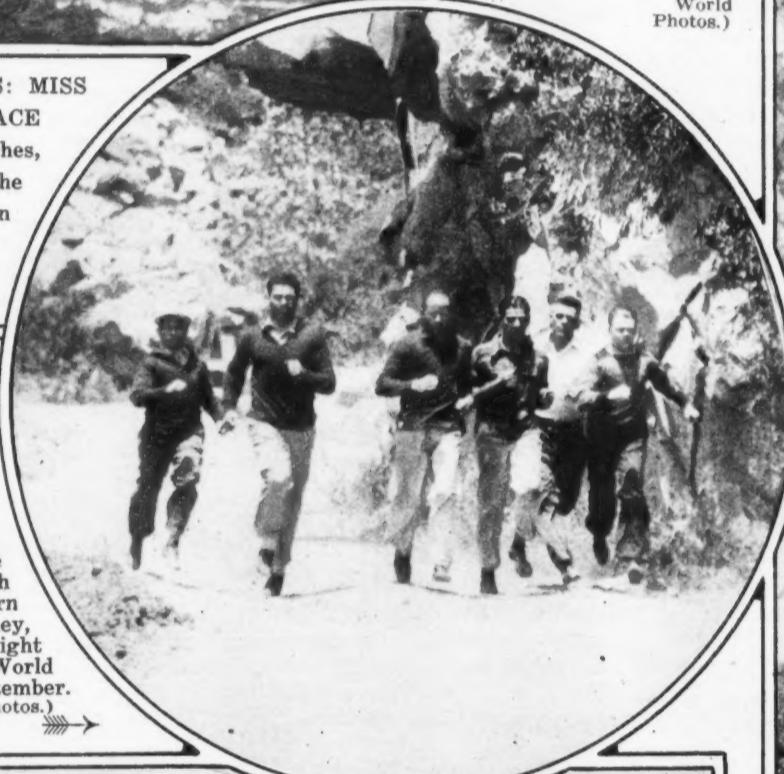
HURLING THE DISCUS: MISS RENA ACQUISTIPACE

Threw It 93 Feet 2 Inches, Winning the Event in the Annual Pacific Association Track and Field Championships for Women. (Times Wide World Photos.)



OVER THE HIGH HURDLES: A THRILLING 120-YARD RACE Held During the National Interscholastic Track Championships at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. Left to Right: Evans of Morgan Park, Kepler of St. John's, Nelson of Wayland, Berlinger of Mercersburg, Tomasko of Newark (Winner).

(Times Wide World Photos.)



BURNING UP THE ROAD: JACK DEMPSEY AND HIS TRAINING CREW

Take a Long Run on a Mountain Road Near Soper's Ranch, in Southern California, Where Jack Is Training With His Eye on a Return Match With Gene Tunney, Who Took the Heavyweight Championship of the World From Him Last September. (Times Wide World Photos.)



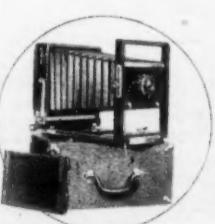
THE CHAMPION IN TRAINING: GENE TUNNEY, at Speculator, N. Y., Is Keeping Himself Fit for the Next Heavyweight Championship Bout, Which Will Probably Be Held Next September, With Either Jack Dempsey, or Jack Sharkey as His Opponent. (Times Wide World Photos.)



FROM SCREEN TO SHRINE: KENNETH HARLAN, MONTE BLUE AND HOOT GIBSON (Left to Right), Three Well-Known Movie Actors, Are Initiated Into the Beverly Hills (Cal.) Shrine Club. (Times Wide World Photos.)

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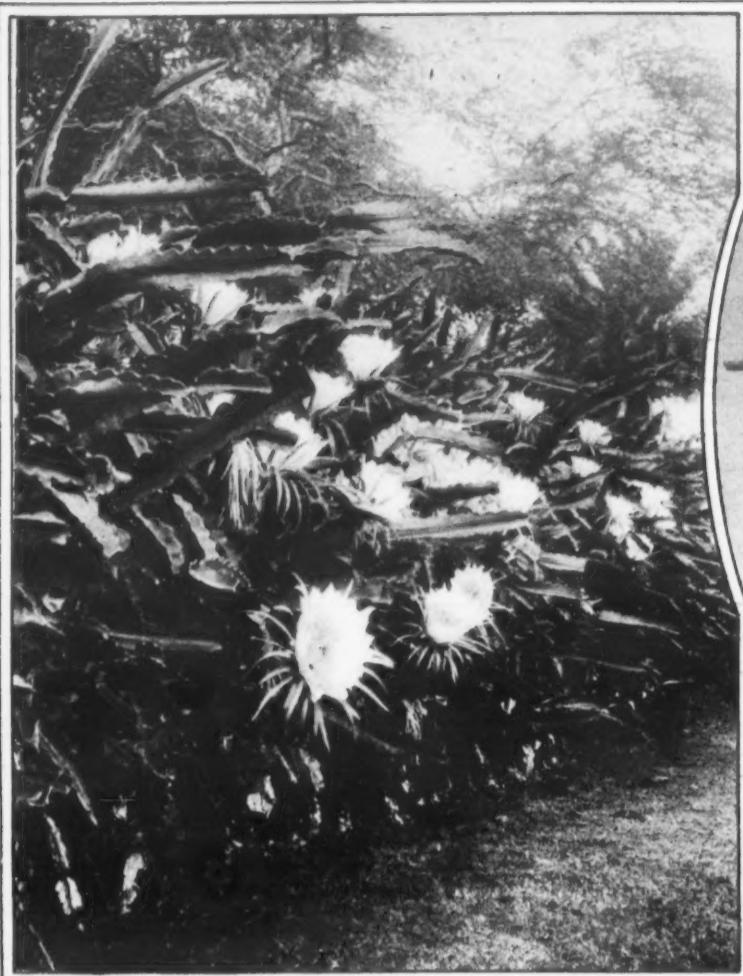
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MID-WEEK PICTORIAL'S HOME GARDEN PRIZE CONTEST



THE  
NIGHT-  
BLOOM-  
ING  
CEREUS,  
Which Opens  
After Sunset  
and Closes  
With the  
Coming of  
Day.  
(Times Wide  
World Photos.)



THE FRANCIS SCOTT  
KEY ROSE,

Raised by John Cook and  
Named After the Author of  
"The Star-Spangled Banner."  
(Times Wide World Photos.)



THE  
EVER-  
BLOOMING  
NYMPHAEA.  
(© Underwood  
& Underwood.)

**M**ID-WEEK PICTORIAL invites its readers all over the land to send in photographs of their gardens, to be entered in its Garden Contest. The competition is not intended to include great estates with their staffs of highly paid gardeners. Rather it applies to the gardens that adjoin or surround the typical American home. The award of prizes will be based not on the size of the gardens but on their beauty, variety and design—all the elements that add to their attractiveness.

The prize-winning photographs sent in each week will be reproduced the next week in the pages of Mid-Week Pictorial, which will award a first prize of ten dollars (\$10) in cash for the photograph adjudged the best each week, five dollars (\$5) for the second best, and three dollars (\$3) for each additional photograph published.

Send photographs, not negatives. Pictures will be sent back on request if return postage is enclosed. It is hoped and believed that the contest will stimulate interest in gardening and add greatly to the exterior beauty of the home. Questions are invited, and expert advice will be given absolutely free of cost on everything pertaining to the making and maintaining of a garden—seeding, planting, pruning, fertilizing and the extermination of insect pests.

All readers of Mid-Week Pictorial are eligible to take part in the competition. Send your entries to the Garden Editor, Mid-Week Pictorial, 229 West Forty-third Street, New York, N. Y.

The first group of prize-winning pictures in the Contest will appear in the issue of June 30.

*How Can I Earn  
Extra Spare Time*

**CASH?**

Fill out the form below for an immediate and satisfying answer to the above important question.

HERE are all sorts of reasons for garden-making, but the best reason of all is provided by the normal human love of beauty. For we are all children of Nature, and Nature works in beauty; it is never absent from any of her creations; it is her sign-manual, and she has made us so that loveliness acts as a tonic to the human mind and soul. Without a certain amount of beauty in the environment the life of a man or woman becomes stunted, warped, deformed.

All children love flowers and growing things. Happy are those in whose early years this instinct has been encouraged and wisely guided. When all is said and done, the greatest satisfactions that this life of ours offers are derived from other things than those upon which Mr. Worldly Wiseman sets his heart. The making of money is a necessary and oftentimes a laudable pursuit; the accumulation of a million dollars or the cornering of the market in some particular commodity are achievements not lightly to be accomplished, and they bring with them, no doubt, a pleasant sense of power. But when such things have been done, a great deal of life remains to be lived, and if the only thing one knows how to do is to add a second million to the first, one is apt to find one's days growing flat, stale and unprofitable. That is, they are unprofitable in the only sense in which, beyond a certain point, profits count. Man in this vale of tears has only one sure and certain source of happiness. It is not to be found in the possession of dollars, francs or pounds, shillings and pence. Only the love and appreciation of beauty, whether of Nature or of art, never fails.

Therefore no sounder element of education

can be provided for a child than is to be obtained from the cultivation of a garden. Thus and thus only can he obtain a first-hand knowledge of Nature and her ways—of the kindly earth, of seeds and plants and blossoms, of wind and frost and snow, and of the wonders which the interplay of natural forces brings into being. Let him make mistakes—plant too early or too late, disregard wind or sun—and see the consequences of his error. In this way he will learn the invaluable lesson that all of us have inevitably to learn, that the universe in which we live is ordered on lines of discipline, of rigid cause and effect. Of course the child should not be allowed to make such mistakes that all his venture will come to nothing, resulting in discouragement. But if the garden is to be really his he must be given a large amount of freedom in its planning and planting. He must be able to regard both its failures and its triumphs as his own.

One of the kindest features of the art of gardening is that one is never too old to begin. And most of those who take up this pastime in advancing life will admit that had they done so earlier they would have been kinder, gentler—in a word, more human. The sun would have shone more brightly through their words and deeds; cleansing breezes would have sweetened their minds. Gardeners have their infirmities like other sons of men; they are often taciturn and reserved and they have their cranky notions and their crotchets, but they are never misanthropes. Living close to Nature, a certain spaciousness of temperament is developed in them. They have a quietness and confidence which lives only in minds at ease.

Questions Concerning Garden Making Will Be Gladly Answered, Either in This Department or by Mail, by the Garden Editor, Mid-Week Pictorial, 229 West Forty-third Street, New York, N. Y.

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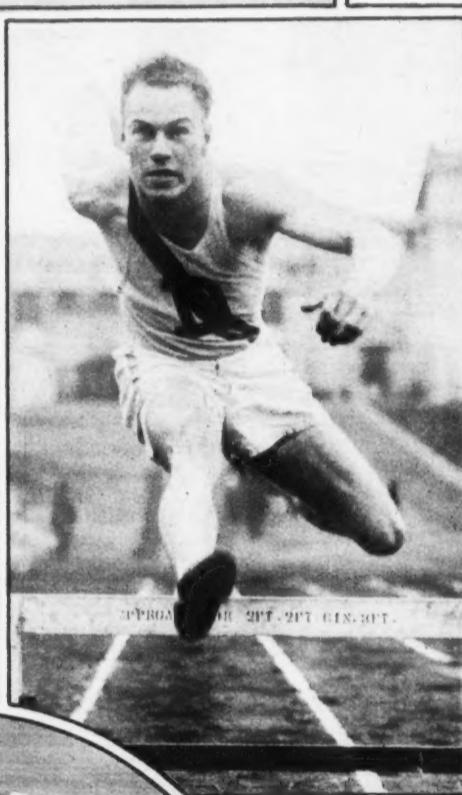
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M-W P.-6-23



ICE CREAM: PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE

Partake of the Refreshments at the White House Lawn Fête for the Benefit of the Crippled Veterans at Walter Reed Hospital. (Times Wide World Photos.)



TAKING 'EM FAST AND HIGH: EDWIN SPENCE of the City College of Detroit Made a New N. C. A. A. Record for the 220-Yard Low Hurdles at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, Doing It in 23 4-10 Seconds, 1-20 Second Faster Than His Old Mark. (Times Wide World Photos.)



### BREAKS THE MILE

MARK: RAY CONGER Covered the Distance in 4:17 6-10 in the National Collegiate Athletic Association's Sixth Annual Outdoor Individual Track and Field Championships at Soldiers' Field, Chicago. (Times Wide World Photos.)

AUSTRALASIA'S BEAUTY QUEEN: MISS PHYLLIS GIBBS, Chosen From Thousands of Fair Competitors as the Most Beautiful Girl in Australia and New Zealand, Arrives in America in Quest of Movie Fame. She Is 18 Years Old, With Blue Eyes and Golden Unbobbed Hair. She Lives in Sydney. (Times Wide World Photos.)

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1/8 teaspoon paprika**

**Beat until thoroughly blended and use with any fruit salad.**



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Page Thirty-two



Quite aside from the purity, quality and economy of Mazola for salads is the fact that this pure vegetable oil blends so quickly with all other ingredients, imparts a smooth, rich flavor to all dressings and does not quickly "separate" or turn rancid.